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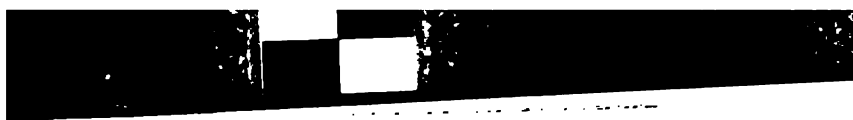
BOOK OF MERICKS



As an Old Derry down Derry,
Wanted to see little folks merry,
He made them a Book,
With laughter they Shook
Them out of that Derry down Derry.

WARD LEAR















EDWARD LEAR.

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN SAN REMO, BY RONCAROLO.

A BOOK
OF
LIMERICKS


BY
EDWARD LEAR

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



*There was an Old Derry down Derry,
Who loved to see little folks merry ;
So he made them a Book, and with laughter they shook
At the fun of that Derry down Derry*

BOSTON
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY



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1888


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ALFRED MUDGE & SON, INC.

PRINTERS,

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Surely the most beneficent and innocent of all books yet produced is the "Book of Nonsense," with its corollary carols, inimitable and refreshing, and perfect in rhythm. I really don't know any author to whom I am half so grateful for my idle self as Edward Lear. I shall put him first of my hundred authors.

JOHN RUSKIN,

In the "List of the Best Hundred Authors."



INTRODUCTION.

EDWARD LEAR, the artist, Author of "Journals of a Landscape Painter" in various out-of-the-way countries, and of the delightful "Books of Nonsense," which have amused successive generations of children, died on Sunday, January 29, 1888, at San Remo, Italy, where he had lived for twenty years. Few names could evoke a wider expression of passing regret at their appearance in the obituary column; for until his health began to fail he was known to an immense and almost a cosmopolitan circle of acquaintance, and popular wherever he was known. Fewer still could call up in the minds of intimate friends a deeper and more enduring feeling of sorrow for personal loss, mingled with the pleasantest of memories; for it was impossible to know him thoroughly and not to love him. London, Rome, the Mediterranean countries generally, Ceylon and India, are still all dotted with survivors among his generation who will mourn for him affectionately, although his latter years were spent in comparatively close retirement. He was a man of striking

nobility of nature, fearless, independent, energetic, given to forming for himself strong opinions, often hastily, sometimes bitterly; not always strong or sound in judgment, but always seeking after truth in every matter, and following it as he understood it in scorn of consequence; utterly unselfish, devoted to his friends, generous even to extravagance towards any one who had ever been connected with his fortunes or his travels; playful, light-hearted, witty, and humorous, but not without those occasional fits of black depression and nervous irritability to which such temperaments are liable.

Great and varied as the merits of his pictures are, Lear hardly succeeded in achieving any great popularity as a landscape-painter. His work was frequently done on private commission, and he rarely sent in pictures for the Academy or other exhibitions. His larger and more highly finished landscapes were unequal in technical perfection, — sometimes harsh or cold in color, or stiff in composition; sometimes full of imagination, at others literal and prosaic, — but always impressive reproductions of interesting or peculiar scenery. In later years he used in conversation to qualify himself as a “topographical artist;” and the definition was true, though not exhaustive. He had an intuitive and a perfectly trained eye for the character and beauty of distant mountain lines, the solemnity of rocky gorges, the majesty of a single mountain rising from a base of plain or sea; and he was equally exact in

rendering the true forms of the middle distances and the specialties of foreground detail belonging to the various lands through which he had wandered as a sketcher. Some of his pictures show a mastery which has rarely been equalled over the difficulties of painting an immense plain as seen from a height, reaching straight away from the eye of the spectator until it is lost in a dim horizon. Sir Roderick Murchison used to say that he always understood the geological peculiarities of a country he had only studied in Lear's sketches. The compliment was thoroughly justified; and it is not every landscape-painter to whom it could honestly be paid.

The history of Lear's choice of a career was a curious one. He was the youngest of twenty-one children, and, through a family mischance, was thrown entirely on the limited resources of an elderly sister at a very early age. As a boy he had always dabbled in colors for his own amusement, and had been given to poring over the ordinary boys' books upon natural history. It occurred to him to try to turn his infant talents to account; and he painted upon cardboard a couple of birds in the style which the older among us remember as having been called Oriental tinting, took them to a small shop, and sold them for fourpence. The kindness of friends, to whom he was ever grateful, gave him the opportunity of more serious and more remunerative study, and he became a patient and accurate zoölogical draughtsman. Many of the birds in the

earlier volumes of Gould's magnificent folios were drawn for him by Lear. A few years back there were eagles alive in the Zoölogical Gardens in Regent's Park to which Lear could point as old familiar friends that he had drawn laboriously from claw to beak fifty years before. He united with this kind of work the more unpleasant occupation of drawing the curiosities of disease or deformity in hospitals. One day, as he was busily intent on the portrait of a bird in the Zoölogical Gardens, an old gentleman came and looked over his shoulder, entered into conversation, and finally said to him, "You must come and draw my birds at Knowsley." Lear did not know where Knowsley was, or what it meant; but the old gentleman was the thirteenth Earl of Derby. The successive Earls of Derby have been among Lear's kindest and most generous patrons. He went to Knowsley, and the drawings in the "Knowsley Menagerie" (now a rare and highly-prized work among book collectors) are by Lear's hand. At Knowsley he became a permanent favor and it was there that he composed in prolific succession his charming and wonderful series of utterly nonsensical rhymes and drawings. Lear had already begun seriously to study landscape. When English winters began to threaten his health, Lord Derby started a subscription which enabled him to go to Rome as a student and artist, and no doubt gave him recommendations among Anglo-Roman society which laid the foundations of a numerous *clientèle*. It was in the

Roman summers that Lear first began to exercise the taste for pictorial wandering which grew into a habit and a passion, to fill vivid and copious note-books as he went, and to illustrate them by spirited and accurate drawings; and his first volume of "Illustrated Excursions in Italy," published in 1846, is gratefully dedicated to his Knowsley patron.

Only those who have travelled with him could know what a delightful comrade he was to men whose tastes ran more or less parallel to his own. It was not everybody who could travel with him; for he was so irrepressibly anxious not to lose a moment of the time at his disposal for gathering into his garner the beauty and interest of the lands over which he journeyed, that he was careless of comfort and health. Calabria, Sicily, the Desert of Sinai, Egypt and Nubia, Greece and Albania, Palestine, Syria, Athos, Candia, Montenegro, Zagóri (who knows now where Zagóri is, or was?), were as thoroughly explored and sketched by him as the more civilized localities of Malta, Corsica, and Corfu. He read insatiably before starting all the recognized guide-books and histories of the country he intended to draw; and his published itineraries are marked by great strength and literary interest quite irrespectively of the illustrations. And he had his reward. It is not any ordinary journalist and sketcher who could have compelled from Tennyson such a tribute as lines "To E. L. on his Travels in Greece": —

“ Illyrian woodlands, echoing falls
Of water, sheets of summer glass,
The long divine Peneïan pass,
The vast Akrokeranian walls,

“ Tomohrit, Athos, all things fair,
With such a pencil, such a pen,
You shadow forth to distant men,
I read and felt that I was there.”

Lear was a man to whom, as to Tennyson's Ulysses,

“ All experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untravelled world.”

After settling at San Remo, and when he was nearly sixty years old, he determined to visit India and Ceylon. He started once and failed, being taken so ill at Suez that he was obliged to return. The next year he succeeded, and brought away some thousands of drawings of the most striking views from all three Presidencies and from the tropical island. His appetite for travel continued to grow with what it fed upon; and although he hated a long sea-voyage, he used seriously to contemplate as possible a visit to relations in New Zealand. It may safely, however, be averred that no considerations would have tempted him to visit the Arctic regions.

A hard-working life, checkered by the odd adventures which happen to the odd and the adventurous and pass over the commonplace; a career brightened by the high appreciation of unimpeachable critics; lightened, till of late, by the pleasant society and good

wishes of innumerable friends; saddened by the growing pressure of ill health and solitude; cheered by his constant trust in the love and sympathy of those who knew him best, however far away, — such was the life of Edward Lear. — *The London Saturday Review*, Feb. 4, 1888.

AMONG the writers who have striven with varying success during the last thirty or forty years to awaken the merriment of the "rising generation" of the time being, Mr. Edward Lear occupies the first place in seniority, if not in merit. The parent of modern nonsense-writers, he is distinguished from all his followers and imitators by the superior consistency with which he has adhered to his aim, — that of amusing his readers by fantastic absurdities, as void of vulgarity or cynicism as they are incapable of being made to harbor any symbolical meaning. He "never deviates into sense;" but those who appreciate him never feel the need of such deviation. He has a genius for coining absurd names and words, which, even when they are suggested by the exigencies of his metre, have a ludicrous appropriateness to the matter in hand. His verse is, with the exception of a certain number of cockney rhymes, wonderfully flowing and even melodious — or, as he would say, *meloobious* — while to all these qualifications for his task must finally be added the happy gift of pictorial expression, enabling him to double, nay, often to quadruple, the

laughable effect of his text by an inexhaustible profusion of the quaintest designs. Generally speaking, these designs are, as it were, an idealization of the efforts of a clever child; but now and then — as in the case of the nonsense-botany — Mr. Lear reminds us what a genuine and graceful artist he really is. The advantage to a humorist of being able to illustrate his own text has been shown in the case of Thackeray and Mr. W. S. Gilbert, to mention two familiar examples; but in no other instance of such a combination have we discovered such geniality as is to be found in the nonsense-pictures of Mr. Lear. We have spoken above of the melodiousness of Mr. Lear's verses, a quality which renders them excellently suitable for musical setting, and which has not escaped the notice of the author himself. We have also heard effective arrangements, presumably by other composers, of the adventures of the Table and the Chair, and of the cruise of the Owl and the Pussy-cat, — the latter introduced into the "drawing-room entertainment" of one of the followers of John Parry. Indeed, in these days of adaptations, it is to be wondered at that no enterprising librettist has attempted to build a children's comic opera out of the materials supplied in the four books with which we are now concerned. The first of these, originally published in 1846, and brought out in an enlarged form in 1863, is exclusively devoted to nonsense-verses of one type. Mr. Lear is careful to disclaim the credit of having created this type, for he tells us in the preface

to his third book that "the lines beginning, 'There was an old man of Tobago,' were suggested to me by a valued friend, as a form of verse leading itself to limitless variety for Rhymes and Pictures." Dismissing the further question of the authorship of "There was an old man of Tobago," we propose to give a few specimens of Mr. Lear's Protean powers as exhibited in the variation of this simple type. Here, to begin with, is a favorite verse, which we are very glad to have an opportunity of giving, as it is often incorrectly quoted, "cocks" being substituted for "owls" in the third line:

"There was an Old Man with a beard,
Who said, 'It is just as I feared!
Two Owls and a Hen, four Larks and a Wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard!'"

With the kindly fatalism which is the distinctive note of the foregoing stanza, the sentiment of our next extract is in vivid contrast:—

"There was an Old Man in a tree,
Who was terribly bored by a bee;
When they said, 'Does it buzz?' he replied, 'Yes, it does!
It's a regular brute of a Bee.'"

To the foregoing verse an historic interest attaches, if, that is, we are right in supposing it to have inspired Mr. Gilbert with his famous "Nonsense-Rhyme in Blank Verse." We quote from memory:—

"There was an Old Man of St. Bees,
Who was stung in the arm by a wasp.
When they asked, 'Does it hurt?' he replied, 'No, it does n't,
But I thought all the while 't was a Hornet!'"

Passing over the lines referring to the "Young Person" of Crete to whom the epithet "ombliferous" is applied, we may be pardoned — on the ground of the geographical proximity of the two countries named — for quoting together two stanzas which in reality are separated by a good many pages: —

"There was a Young Lady of Norway,
Who casually sat in a doorway;
When the doors queezed her flat, she exclaimed, 'What of that?'
This courageous young person of Norway."

"There was a Young Lady of Sweden,
Who went by the slow train to Weedon;
When they cried, 'Weedon Station!' she made no observation,
But thought she should go back to Sweden."

A noticeable feature about this first book, and one which we think is peculiar to it, is the harsh treatment which the eccentricities of the inhabitants of certain towns appear to have met with at the hands of their fellow-residents. No less than three people are "smashed," — the Old Man of Whitehaven "who danced a quadrille with a Raven;" the Old Person of Buda; and the Old Man with a gong "who bumped at it all the day long," though in the last-named case we admit that there was considerable provocation. Before quitting the first "Nonsense-Book," we would point out that it contains one or two forms that are interesting; for instance, "scroobious," which we take to be a Portmanteau word, and "spickle-speckled," a favorite form of reduplication with Mr. Lear, and of which the best specimen occurs in his last book,

“He tinkledy-binkledy-winkled the bell.” The second book, published in 1871, shows Mr. Lear in the maturity of sweet desipience, and will perhaps remain the favorite volume of the four to grown-up readers. The nonsense-songs are all good, and “The Story of the Four little Children who went Round the World” is the most exquisite piece of imaginative absurdity that the present writer is acquainted with. But before coming to that, let us quote a few lines from “The Jumblies,” who, as all the world knows, went to sea in a sieve: —

“They sailed to the Western Sea, they did,
 To a land all covered with trees.
 And they bought an Owl, and a useful Cart,
 And a pound of Rice, and a Cranberry Tart,
 And a hive of silvery Bees.
 And they bought a Pig, and some green Jack-Daws,
 And a lovely Monkey with lollipop paws,
 And forty bottles of Ring-Bo-Ree,
 And no end of Stilton Cheese.
*Far and few, far and few,
 Are the lands where the Jumblies live.
 Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
 And they went to sea in a sieve.*
 And in twenty years they all came back,
 In twenty years or more,
 And every one said, ‘How tall they’ve grown!
 For they’ve been to the Lakes, and the Terrible Zone,
 And the hills of the Chankly Bore.’”

From the pedestrian excursion of the Table and the Chair, we cannot resist making a brief quotation, though in this, as in every case, the inability to quote the drawings also is a sad drawback: —

“ So they both went slowly down,
And walked about the town,
With a cheerful bumpy sound,
As they toddled round and round.
And everybody cried,
As they hastened to their side,
' See, the Table and the Chair
Have come out to take the air !' ”

“ But in going down an alley
To a castle in a valley,
They completely lost their way,
And wandered all the day,
Till, to see them safely back,
They paid a Ducky-Quack,
And a Beetle and a Mouse,
Who took them to their house.

“ Then they whispered to each other,
' O delightful little brother,
What a lovely walk we've taken !
Let us dine on Beans and Bacon !' ”
So the Ducky and the leetle
Brownny-Mousy, and the Beetle
Dined, and danced upon their heads,
Till they toddled to their beds.”

“ The Story of the Four little Children who went Round the World ” follows next, and the account of the manner in which they occupied themselves while on shipboard may be transcribed for the benefit of those unfortunate persons who have not perused the original: “ During the day-time Violet chiefly occupied herself in putting salt-water into a churn, while her three brothers churned it violently in the hope it would turn into butter, which it seldom if ever

did." After journeying for a time, they saw some land at a distance, "and when they came to it they found it was an island made of water quite surrounded by earth. Besides that it was bordered by evanescent isthmuses with a great Gulf-Stream running about all over it, so that it was perfectly beautiful, and contained only a single tree, five hundred and three feet high." In a later passage, we read how "by-and-by the children came to a country where there were no houses, but only an incredibly innumerable number of large bottles without corks, and of a dazzling and sweetly susceptible blue color. Each of these blue bottles contained a bluebottle-fly, and all these interesting animals live continually together in the most copious and rural harmony, nor perhaps in many parts of the world is such perfect and abject happiness to be found." Our last quotation from this inimitable recital shall be from the description of their adventure on a great plain where they espied an object which "on a nearer approach and on an accurately cutaneous inspection, seemed to be somebody in a large white wig sitting on an arm-chair made of sponge-cake and oyster-shells." This turned out to be the "Co-operative Cauliflower," who, "while the whole party from the boat was gazing at him with mingled affection and disgust . . . suddenly arose, and in a somewhat plundomphious manner hurried off towards the setting sun, his steps supported by two superincumbent confidential cucumbers

. . . till he finally disappeared on the brink of the western sky in a crystal cloud of sudorific sand. So remarkable a sight of course impressed the four children very deeply; and they returned immediately to their boat with a strong sense of undeveloped asthma and a great appetite."

In his third book, Mr. Lear takes occasion in an entertaining preface to repudiate the charge of harboring any ulterior motive beyond that of "Nonsense pure and absolute" in any of his verses or pictures, and tells a delightful anecdote illustrative of the "persistently absurd report" that the Earl of Derby was the author of the first book of "Nonsense." In this volume he reverts once more to the familiar form adopted in his original efforts, and with little falling off. It is to be remarked that the third division is styled "Twenty-Six Nonsense Rhymes and Pictures," although there is no more rhyme than reason in any of the set. Our favorite illustrations are those of the "Scroobious Snake who always wore a Hat on his Head, for fear he should bite anybody," and the "Visibly Vicious Vulture who wrote some Verses to a Veal-cutlet in a Volume bound in Vellum." In the fourth and last of Mr. Lear's books, we meet not only with familiar words, but personages and places, — old friends like the Jumbles, the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo, the Quangle Wangle, the hills of the Chankly Bore, and the great Gromboolian plain, as well as new creations, such as the Dong with a luminous Nose, whose story is a sort of non-

sense version of the love of Nausicaa for Ulysses, only that the sexes are inverted. In these verses, graceful fancy is so subtly interwoven with nonsense as almost to beguile us into feeling a real interest in Mr. Lear's absurd creations. So again in the Pelican chorus there are some charming lines: —

“ By day we fish, and at eve we stand
On long bare islands of yellow sand.
And when the sun sinks slowly down,
And the great rock-walls grow dark and brown,
When the purple river rolls fast and dim,
And the ivory Ibis starlike skim,
Wing to wing we dance around,” etc.

The other nonsense-poems are all good, but we have no space for further quotation, and will take leave of our subject by propounding the following set of examination questions which a friend who is deeply versed in Mr. Lear's books has drawn up for us: —

1. What do you gather from a study of Mr. Lear's works to have been the prevalent characteristics of the inhabitants of Gretna, Prague, Thermopylæ, Wick, and Hong Kong?
2. State briefly what historical events are connected with Ischia, Chertsey, Whitehaven, Boulak, and Jellibolee.
3. Comment, with illustrations, upon Mr. Lear's use of the following words: Runcible, propitious, dolomphious, borascible, fizzgiggious, himmeltanious, tumble-dum-down, sponge-taneous.
4. Enumerate accurately all the animals who lived on the Quangle Wangle's Hat, and explain how the Quangle Wangle was enabled at once to enlighten his five travelling companions as to the true nature of the Co-operative Cauliflower.
5. What were the names of the five daughters of the Old

Person of China, and what was the purpose for which the Old Man of the Dargle purchased six barrels of Gargle?

6. Collect notices of King Xerxes in Mr. Lear's works, and state your theory, if you have any, as to the character and appearance of Nupiter Piffkin.

7. Draw pictures of the Plum-pudding flea, and the Mopp-sikon Floppsikon Bear, and state by whom waterproof tubs were first used.

8. "There was an old man at a station
Who made a promiscuous oration."

What bearing may we assume the foregoing couplet to have upon Mr. Lear's political views? — *The London Spectator*.

THE following lines by Mr. Lear were written for a young lady of his acquaintance, who had quoted to n the words of a young lady not of his acquaintance, how pleasant to know Mr. Lear ! ”

“ How pleasant to know Mr. Lear ! ”
Who has written such volumes of stuff !
Some think him ill-tempered and queer,
But a few think him pleasant enough.

His mind is concrete and fastidious,
His nose is remarkably big ;
His visage is more or less hideous,
His beard it resembles a wig.

He has ears, and two eyes, and ten fingers,
Leastways if you reckon two thumbs ;
Long ago he was one of the singers,
But now he is one of the dumbs.

He sits in a beautiful parlor,
With hundreds of books on the wall ;
He drinks a great deal of Marsala,
But never gets tipsy at all.

He has many friends, lay men and clerical,
Old Foss is the name of his cat ;
His body is perfectly spherical,
He weareth a runcible hat.

When he walks in waterproof white,
The children run after him so !
Calling out, “ He ’s come out in his night-
Gown, that crazy old Englishman, oh ! ”

He weeps by the side of the ocean,
He weeps on the top of the hill ;
He purchases pancakes and lotion,
And chocolate shrimps from the mill.

He reads, but he cannot speak, Spanish,
He cannot abide ginger beer :
Ere the days of his pilgrimage vanish,
How pleasant to know Mr. Lear !





There was an Old Man with a nose,
Who said, "If you choose to suppose
That my nose is too long, you are certainly wrong!"
That remarkable Man with a nose.



There was a Young Person of Smyrna,
Whose Grandmother threatened to burn her;
But she seized on the Cat, and said, "Granny, burn that!
You incongruous Old Woman of Smyrna!"



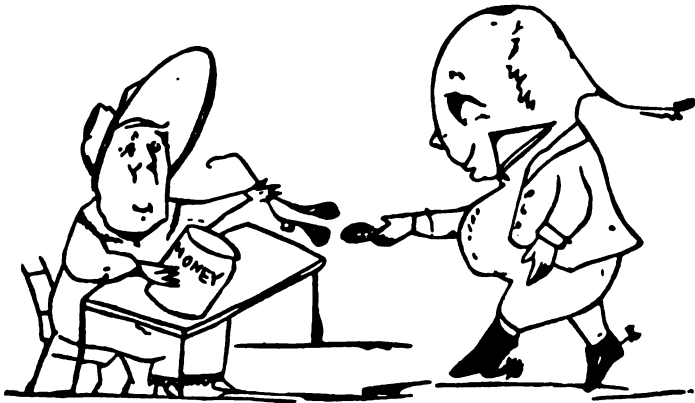
There was an Old Man on a hill,
Who seldom, if ever, stood still ;
He ran up and down in his Grandmother's gown,
Which adorned that Old Man on a hill.



There was an Old Person of Chili,
Whose conduct was painful and silly ;
He sate on the stairs, eating apples and pears,
That imprudent Old Person of Chili.



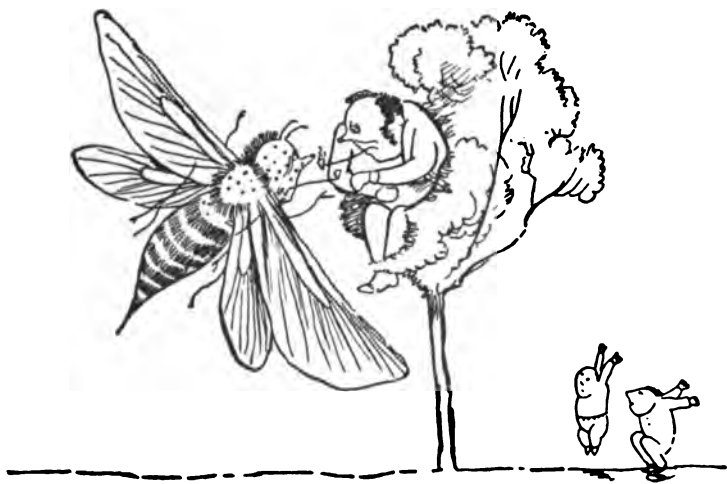
There was an Old Man with a gong,
 Who bumped at it all the day long;
 But they called out, "Oh, law! you're a horrid old bore!"
 So they smashed that Old Man with a gong.



There was an Old Man of Kilkenny,
 Who never had more than a penny;
 He spent all that money in onions and honey,
 That wayward Old Man of Kilkenny.



There was an Old Man of Columbia,
Who was thirsty, and called out for some beer ;
But they brought it quite hot, in a small copper pot,
Which disgusted that man of Columbia.



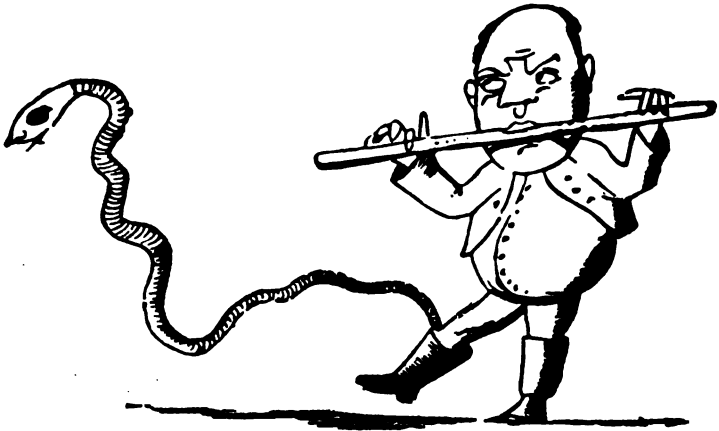
There was an Old Man in a tree,
Who was horribly bored by a Bee ;
When they said, " Does it buzz ? " he replied, " Yes, it does !
It 's a regular brute of a Bee."



There was an Old Lady of Chertsey,
 Who made a remarkable curtsy ;
 She twirled round and round, till she sank underground,
 Which distressed all the people of Chertsey.



There was a Young Lady whose chin
 Resembled the point of a pin ;
 So she had it made sharp, and purchased a harp,
 And played several tunes with her chin.



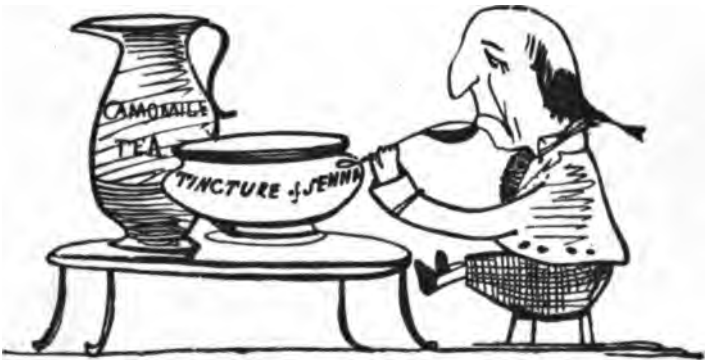
There was an Old Man with a flute, —
 A "sarpint" ran into his boot!
 But he played day and night, till the "sarpint" took flight,
 And avoided that Man with a flute.



There was a Young Lady of Portugal,
 Whose ideas were excessively nautical;
 She climbed up a tree to examine the sea,
 But declared she would never leave Portugal.



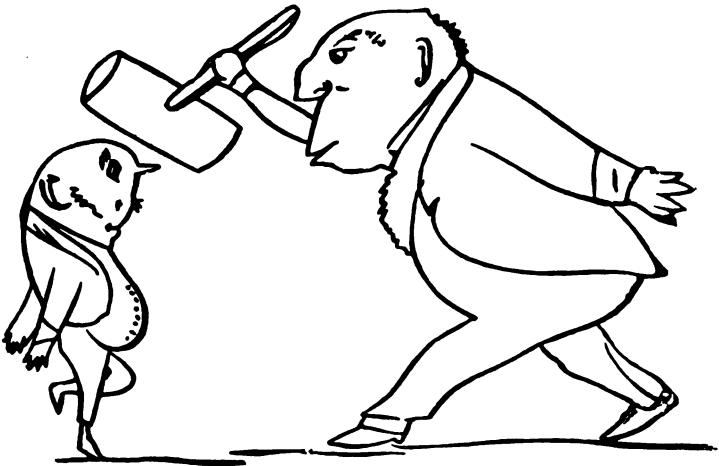
There was an Old Person of Ischia,
 Whose conduct grew friskier and friskier ;
 He danced hornpipes and jigs, and ate thousands of figs,
 That lively Old Person of Ischia



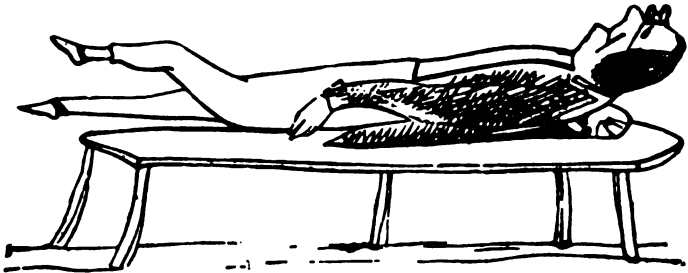
There was an Old Man of Vienna,
 Who lived upon Tincture of Senna ;
 When that did not agree, he took Camomile Tea,
 That nasty Old Man of Vienna.



There was an Old Man in a boat,
 Who said, " I 'm afloat ! I 'm afloat !"
 When they said, " No, you ain't !" he was ready to faint,
 That unhappy Old Man in a boat.



There was an Old Person of Buda,
 Whose conduct grew ruder and ruder,
 Till at last with a hammer they silenced his clamor,
 By smashing that Person of Buda.



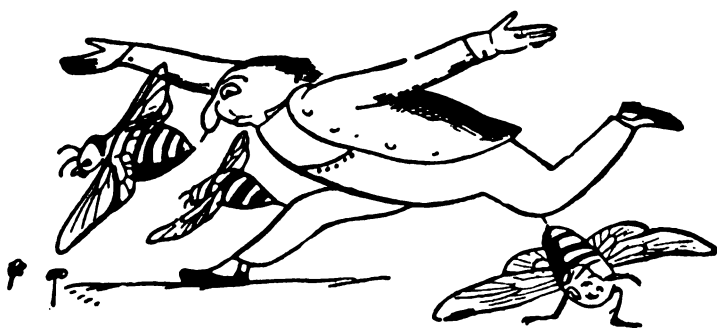
There was an Old Man of Moldavia,
Who had the most curious behavior ;
For while he was able, he slept on a table,
That funny Old Man of Moldavia.



There was an Old Person of Hurst,
Who drank when he was not athirst ;
When they said, " You 'll grow fatter ! " he answered " What matter ? "
That globular Person of Hurst.



There was an Old Man of Madras,
 Who rode on a cream-colored Ass ;
 But the length of its ears so promoted his fears,
 That it killed that Old Man of Madras.



There was an Old Person of Dover,
 Who rushed through a field of blue clover ;
 But some very large Bees stung his nose and his knees,
 So he very soon went back to Dover.



There was an Old Person of Leeds,
Whose head was infested with beads ;
She sat on a stool and ate gooseberry-fool,
Which agreed with that Person of Leeds.



There was an Old Person of Cadiz,
Who was always polite to all ladies ;
But in handing his daughter, he fell into the water,
Which drowned that Old Person of Cadiz.



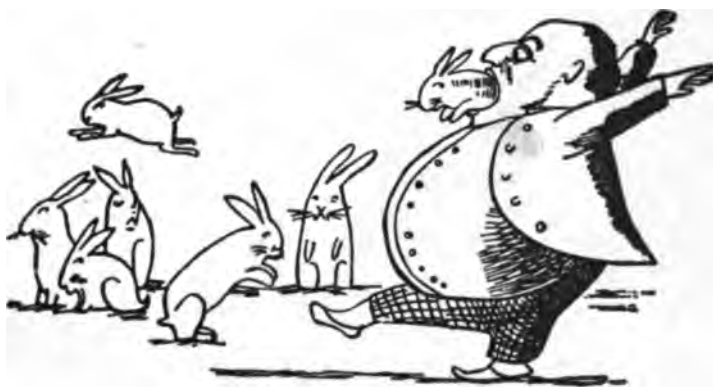
There was an Old Man of the Isles,
Whose face was pervaded with smiles ;
He sang " High dum diddle," and played on the fiddle,
That amiable Man of the Isles.



There was an Old Person of Basing,
Whose presence of mind was amazing ;
He purchased a steed, which he rode at full speed,
And escaped from the people of Basing.



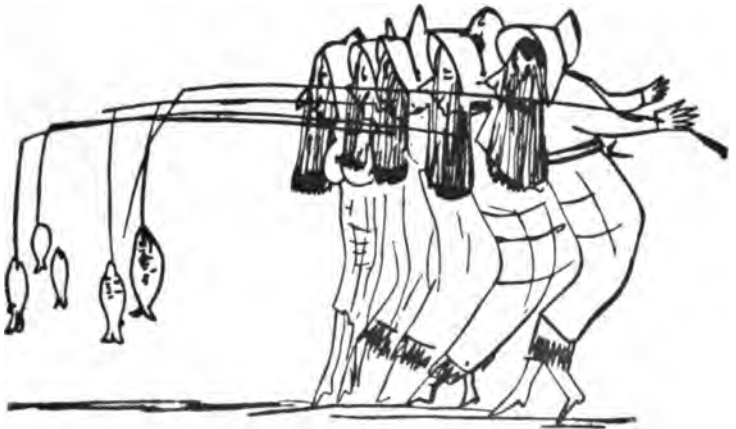
There was an Old Man who supposed
That the street door was partially closed ;
But some very large Rats ate his coats and his hats,
While that futile Old Gentleman dozed.



There was an Old Person whose habits
Induced him to feed upon Rabbits ;
When he 'd eaten eighteen, he turned perfectly green,
Upon which he relinquished those habits.



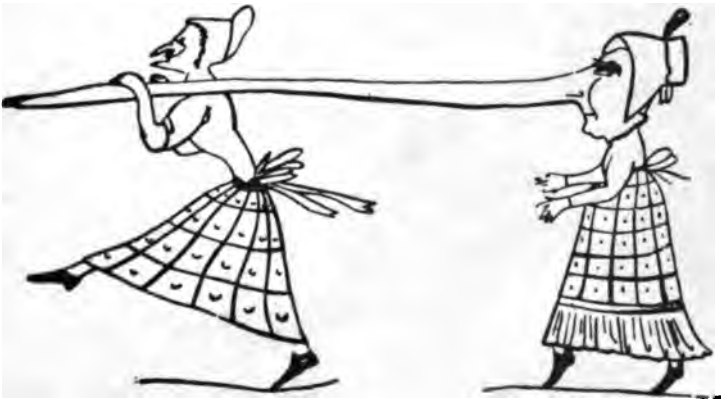
There was an Old Man of the West,
 Who wore a pale plum-colored vest ;
 When they said, " Does it fit ? " he replied, " Not a bit ! "
 That uneasy Old Man of the West.



There was an Old Man of Marseilles,
 Whose daughters wore bottle-green veils :
 They caught several Fish, which they put in a dish,
 And sent to their Pa at Marseilles.



There was an Old Man of the Wrekin,
Whose shoes made a horrible creaking ;
But they said, "Tell us whether your shoes are of leather,
Or of what, you Old Man of the Wrekin?"



There was a Young Lady whose nose
Was so long that it reached to her toes ;
So she hired an Old Lady, whose conduct was steady,
To carry that wonderful nose.



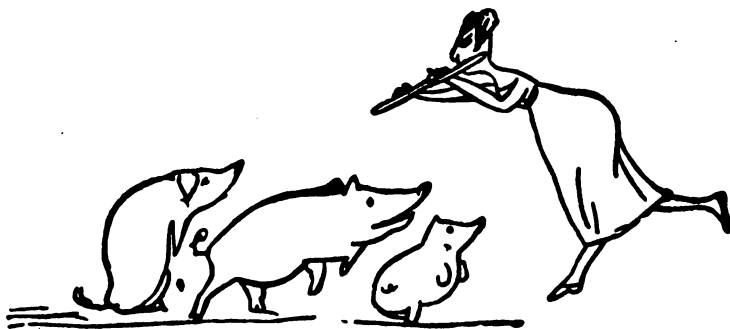
There was a Young Lady of Norway,
Who casually sat in a doorway ;
When the door squeezed her flat, she exclaimed, "What of that?"
This courageous Young Lady of Norway.



There was an Old Man of Apulia,
Whose conduct was very peculiar ;
He fed twenty sons upon nothing but buns,
That whimsical Man of Apulia.



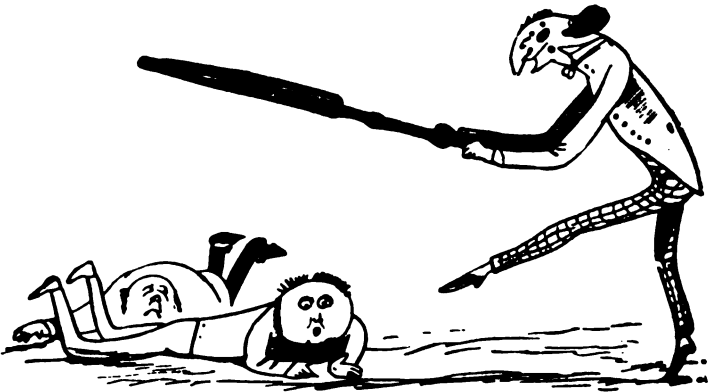
There was an Old Man of Quebec, —
A beetle ran over his neck ;
But he cried, " With a needle I 'll slay you, O beadle !"
That angry Old Man of Quebec.



There was a Young Lady of Bute,
Who played on a silver-gilt flute ;
She played several jigs to her Uncle's white Pigs :
That amusing Young Lady of Bute.



There was an Old Person of Philœ,
 Whose conduct was scroobious and wily ;
 He rushed up a Palm when the weather was calm,
 And observed all the ruins of Philœ.



There was an Old Man with a poker,
 Who painted his face with red ochre.
 When they said, " You're a Guy ! " he made no reply,
 But knocked them all down with his poker.



There was an Old Person of Prague,
 Who was suddenly seized with the plague ;
 But they gave him some butter, which caused him to mutter,
 And cured that Old Person of Prague.



There was an Old Man of Peru,
 Who watched his wife making a stew ;
 But once, by mistake, in a stove she did bake
 That unfortunate Man of Peru.



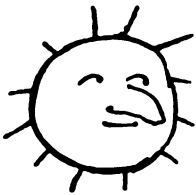
There was an Old Man of the North,
 Who fell into a basin of broth ;
 But a laudable cook fished him out with a hook,
 Which saved that Old Man of the North.



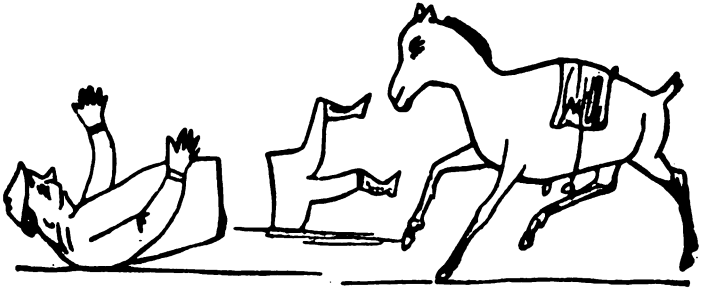
There was an Old Person of Troy,
 Whose drink was warm brandy and soy,
 Which he took with a spoon, by the light of the moon,
 In sight of the city of Troy.



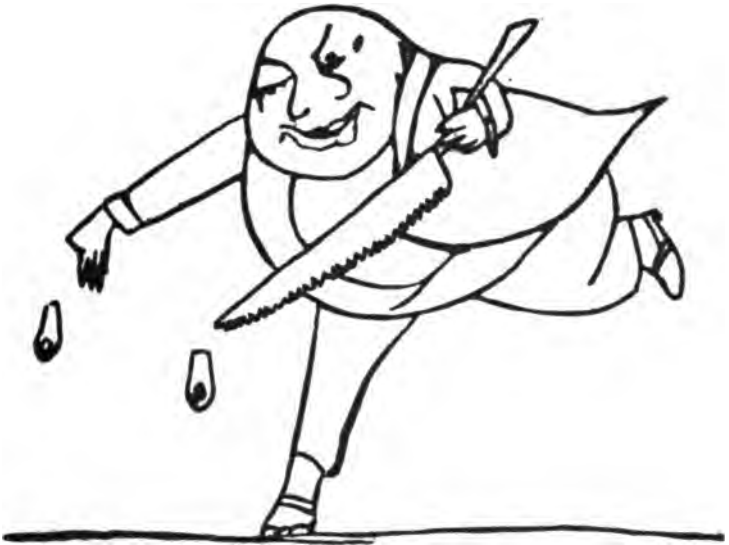
There was an Old Person of Mold,
 Who shrank from sensations of cold ;
 So he purchased some muffis, some furs, and some fluffis,
 And wrapped himself well from the cold.



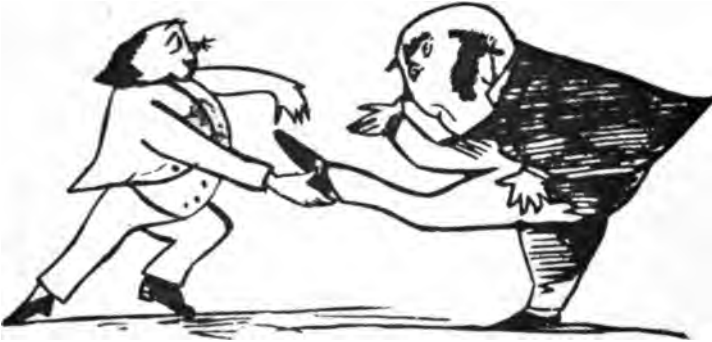
There was an Old Person of Tring,
 Who embellished his nose with a ring ;
 He gazed at the moon every evening in June,
 That ecstatic Old Person of Tring.



There was an Old Man of Nepaul,
From his horse had a terrible fall ;
But, though split quite in two, with some very strong glue
They mended that man of Nepaul.



There was an Old Man of the Nile,
Who sharpened his nails with a file,
Till he cut off his thumbs, and said calmly, "This comes
Of sharpening one's nails with a file !"



There was an Old Man of th' Abruzzi,
So blind that he could n't his foot see ;
When they said, "That 's your toe," he replied, "Is it so?"
That doubtful Old Man of th' Abruzzi.



There was an Old Man of Calcutta,
Who perpetually ate bread and butter ;
Till a great bit of muffin, on which he was stuffing,
Choked that horrid Old Man of Calcutta.



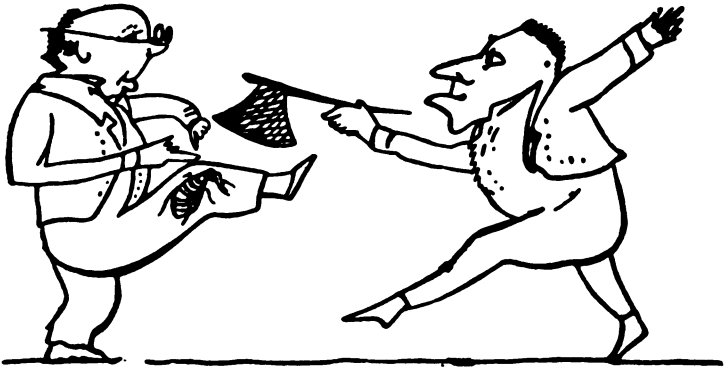
There was an Old Person of Rhodes,
Who strongly objected to toads ;
He paid several cousins to catch them by dozens,
That futile Old Person of Rhodes.



There was an Old Man of the South,
Who had an immoderate mouth ;
But in swallowing a dish that was quite full of Fish,
He was choked, that Old Man of the South.



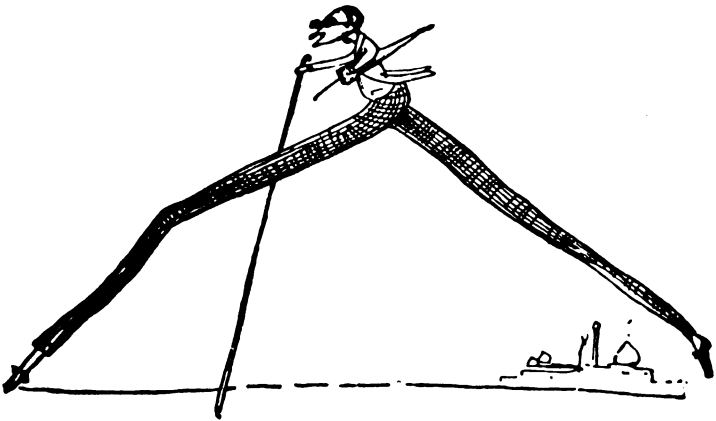
'There was an Old Man of Melrose,
Who walked on the tips of his toes ;
But they said, " It ain't pleasant to see you at present,
You stupid Old Man of Melrose."



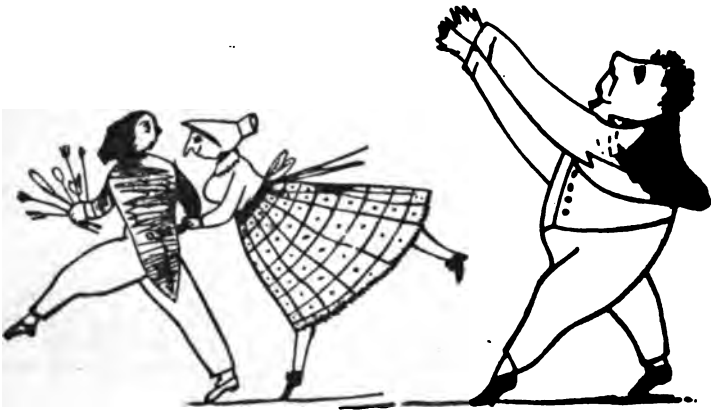
There was an Old Man of the Dec,
Who was sadly annoyed by a Flea ;
When he said, " I will scratch it ! " they gave him a hatchet,
Which grieved that Old Man of the Dec.



There was a Young Lady of Lucca,
 Whose lovers completely forsook her ;
 She ran up a tree, and said " Fiddle-de-dee !"
 Which embarrassed the people of Lucca.



There was an Old Man of Coblenz,
 The length of whose legs was immense ;
 He went with one prance from Turkey to France,
 That surprising Old Man of Coblenz.



There was an Old Man of Bohemia,
Whose daughter was christened Euphemia ;
But one day, to his grief, she married a thief,
Which grieved that Old Man of Bohemia.



There was an Old Man of Corfu,
Who never knew what he should do ;
So he rushed up and down, till the sun made him brown,
That bewildered Old Man of Corfu.



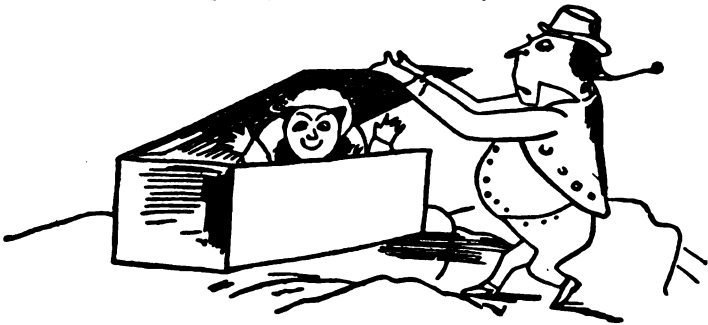
There was an Old Man of Vesuvius,
 Who studied the works of Vitruvius ;
 When the flames burnt his book, to drinking he took,
 That morbid Old Man of Vesuvius.



There was an Old Man of Dundee,
 Who frequented the top of a tree ;
 When disturbed by the Crows, he abruptly arose,
 And exclaimed, " I'll return to Dundee ! "



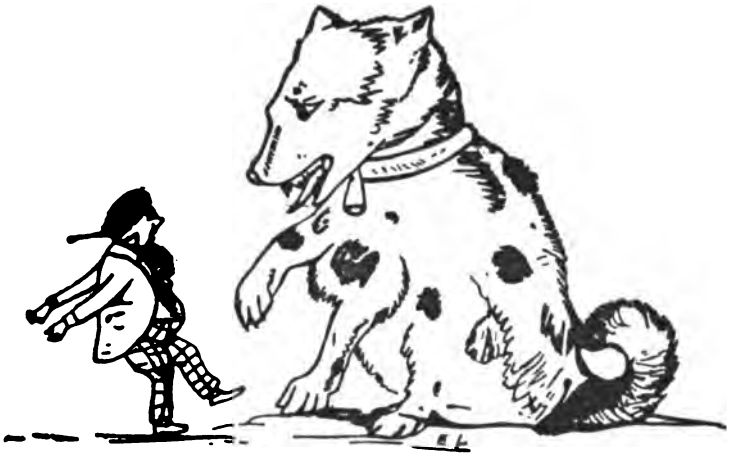
There was an Old Lady whose folly
Induced her to sit in a holly ;
Whereon, by a thorn her dress being torn,
She quickly became melancholy.



There was an Old Man on some rocks,
Who shut his Wife up in a box :
When she said, " Let me out," he exclaimed, " Without doubt
You will pass all your life in that box."



There was an Old Person of Rheims,
Who was troubled with horrible dreams ;
So to keep him awake they fed him with cake,
Which amused that Old Person of Rheims.



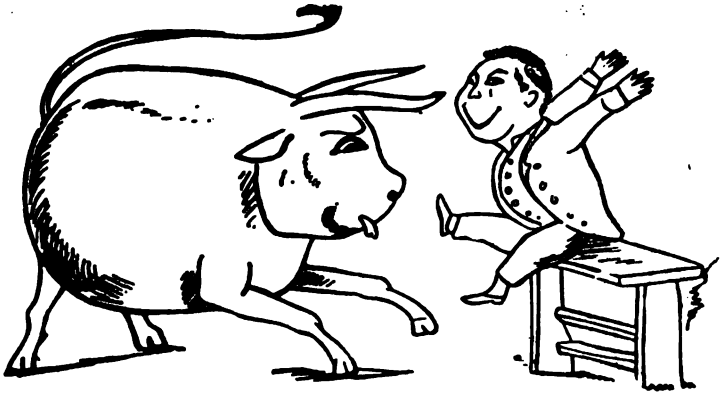
There was an Old Man of Leghorn,
The smallest that ever was born ;
But quickly snapt up he was once by a Puppy,
Who devoured that Old Man of Leghorn.



There was an Old Man in a pew,
Whose waistcoat was spotted with blue ;
But he tore it in pieces, to give to his Nieces,
That cheerful Old Man in a pew.



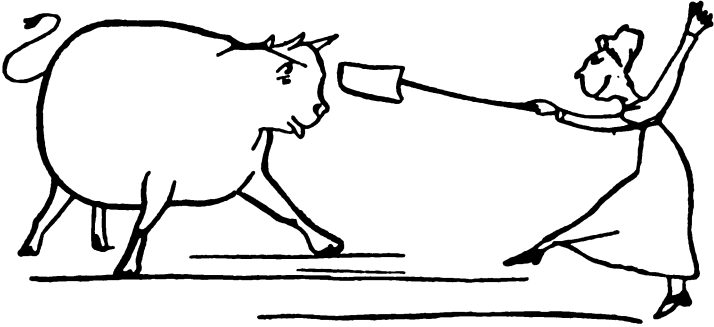
There was an Old Man of Jamaica,
Who suddenly married a Quaker ;
But she cried out, " Oh, lack ! I have married a black !"
Which distressed that Old Man of Jamaica.



'There was an Old Man who said, "How
Shall I flee from this horrible Cow?
I will sit on this stile, and continue to smile,
Which may soften the heart of that Cow."



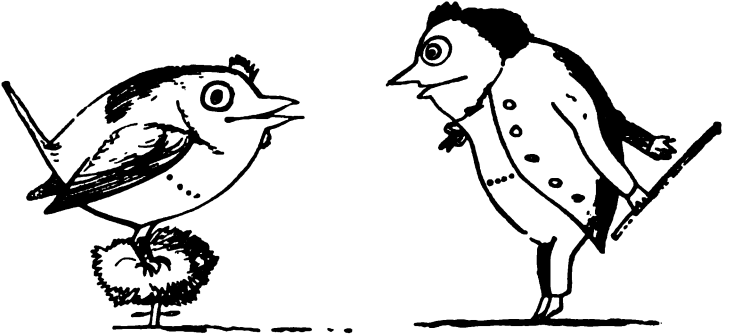
There was a Young Lady of Troy,
Whom several large flies did annoy ;
Some she killed with a thump, some she drowned at the pump,
And some she took with her to Troy.



There was a Young Lady of Hull,
Who was chased by a virulent Bull ;
But she seized on a spade, and called out, "Who's afraid?"
Which distracted that virulent Bull.



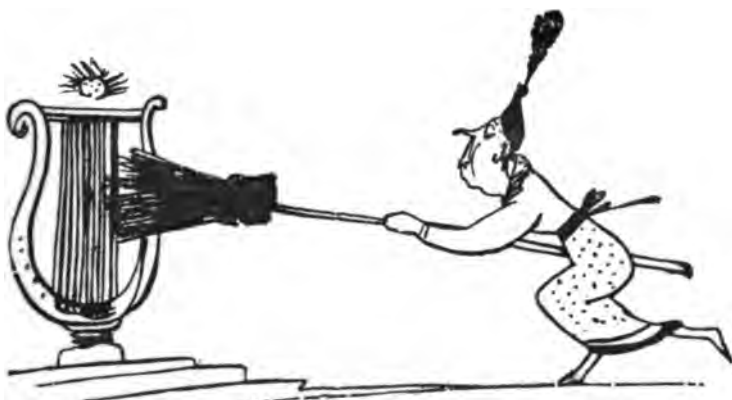
There was an Old Person of Dutton,
Whose head was as small as a button ;
So to make it look big he purchased a wig,
And rapidly rushed about Dutton.



There was an Old Man who said, "Hush!
 I perceive a young bird in this bush!"
 When they said, "Is it small?" he replied, "Not at all;
 It is four times as big as the bush!"



There was a Young Lady of Russia,
 Who screamed so that no one could hush her;
 Her screams were extreme, — no one heard such a scream
 As was screamed by that Lady of Russia.



There was a Young Lady of Tyre,
 Who swept the loud chords of a lyre ;
 At the sound of each sweep she enraptured the deep,
 And enchanted the city of Tyre.



There was an Old Person of Bangor,
 Whose face was distorted with anger ;
 He tore off his boots, and subsisted on roots,
 That borascible Person of Bangor.



There was an Old Man of the East,
Who gave all his children a feast ;
But they all ate so much, and their conduct was such,
That it killed that Old Man of the East.



There was an Old Man of the Coast,
Who placidly sat on a post ;
But when it was cold he relinquished his hold,
And called for some hot buttered toast.



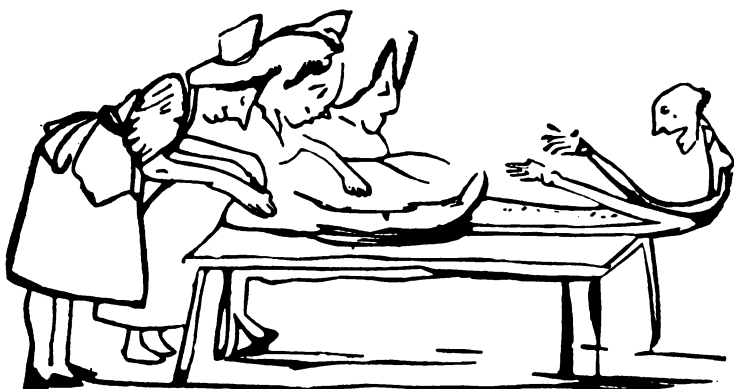
There was an Old Man of Kamschatka,
Who possessed a remarkably fat Cur ;
His gait and his waddle were held as a model
To all the fat dogs in Kamschatka.



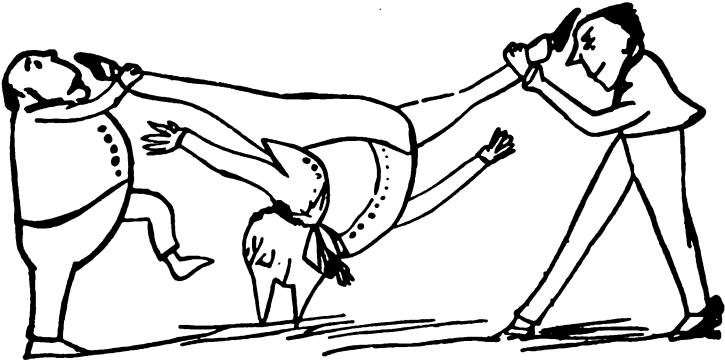
There was an Old Person of Gretna,
Who rushed down the crater of Etna ;
When they said, " Is it hot ? " he replied, " No, it 's not ! "
That mendacious Old Person of Gretna.



There was an Old Man with a beard,
 Who sat on a Horse when he reared ;
 But they said, " Never mind ! you will fall off behind,
 You propitious Old Man with a beard ! "



There was an Old Man of Berlin,
 Whose form was uncommonly thin ;
 Till he once, by mistake, was mixed up in a cake,
 So they baked that Old Man of Berlin.



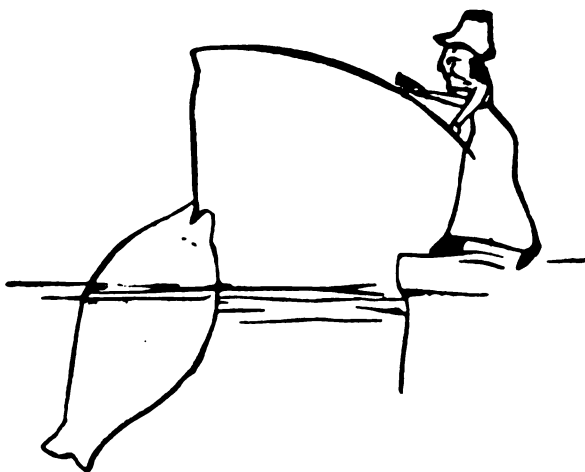
There was an Old Man of the West,
Who never could get any rest ;
So they set him to spin on his nose and his chin,
Which cured that Old Man of the West.



There was an Old Person of Cheadle
Was put in the stocks by the Beadle
For stealing some pigs, some coats, and some wigs,
That horrible person of Cheadle.



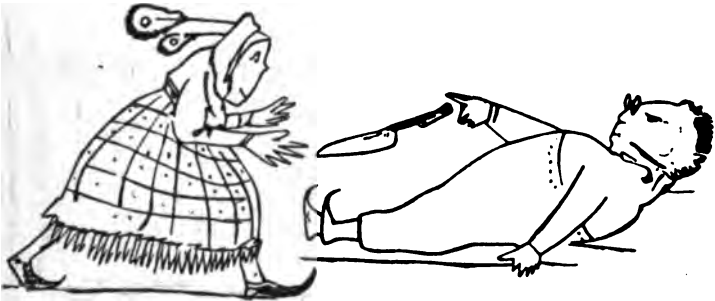
There was an Old Person of Anerley,
 Whose conduct was strange and unmannerly ;
 He rushed down the Strand with a Pig in each hand.
 But returned in the evening to Anerley.



There was a Young Lady of Wales,
 Who caught a large Fish without scales ;
 When she lifted her hook, she exclaimed, " Only look !"
 That ecstatic Young Lady of Wales.



There was a Young Lady of Welling,
 Whose praise all the world was a-telling ;
 She played on the harp, and caught several Carp,
 That accomplished Young Lady of Welling.



There was an Old Person of Tartary,
 Who divided his jugular artery ;
 But he screeched to his Wife, and she said, " Oh, my life !
 Your death will be felt by all Tartary ! "



There was an Old Man of Whitehaven,
 Who danced a quadrille with a Raven ;
 But they said, " It's absurd to encourage this bird !"
 So they smashed that Old Man of Whitehaven.



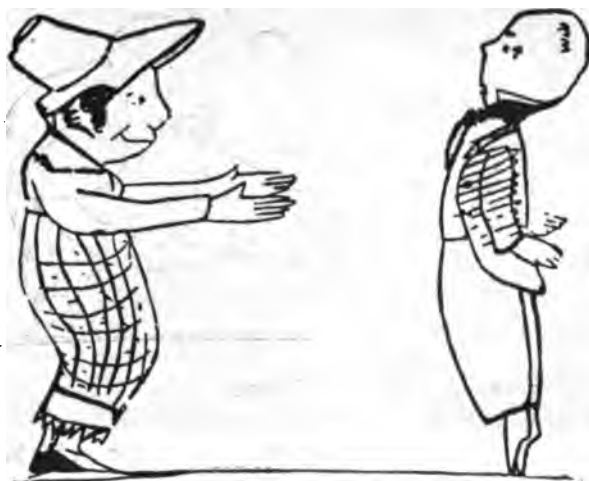
There was a Young Lady of Sweden,
 Who went by the slow train to Weedon ;
 When they cried, " Weedon Station !" she made no observation,
 But thought she should go back to Sweden.



There was an Old Person of Chester,
Whom several small children did pester ;
They threw some large stones, which broke most of his bones,
And displeased that Old Person of Chester.



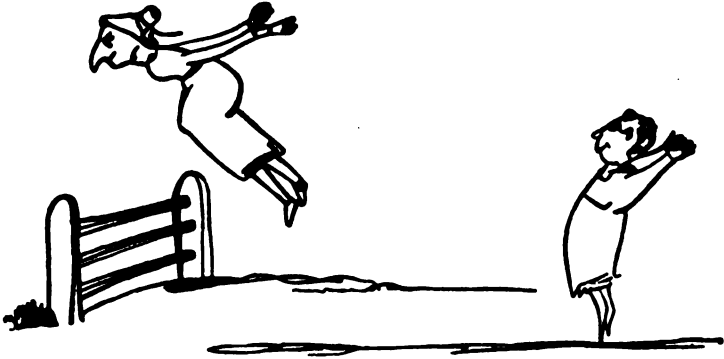
There was an Old Man of the Cape,
Who possessed a large Barbary Ape ;
Till the Ape, one dark night, set the house all alight,
Which burned that Old Man of the Cape.



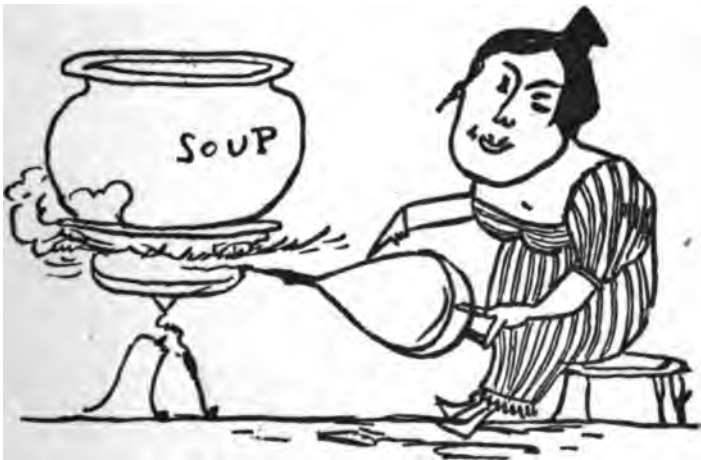
There was an Old Person of Burton,
Whose answers were rather uncertain ;
When they said, " How d' ye do ? " he replied, " Who are you ? "
That distressing Old Person of Burton.



There was an Old Person of Ems
Who casually fell in the Thames ;
And when he was found, they said he was drowned,
That unlucky Old Person of Ems.



There was a Young Girl of Majorca,
Whose Aunt was a very fast walker ;
She walked seventy miles, and leaped fifteen stiles,
Which astonished that Girl of Majorca.



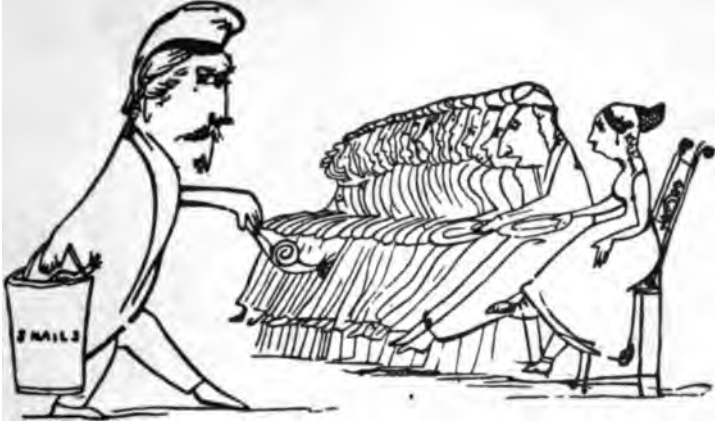
There was a Young Lady of Poole,
Whose soup was excessively cool ;
So she put it to boil by the aid of some oil,
That ingenious Young Lady of Poole.



There was an Old Lady of Prague,
 Whose language was horribly vague ;
 When they said, " Are these caps ? " she answered, " Perhaps ! "
 That oracular Lady of Prague.



There was a Young Lady of Parma,
 Whose conduct grew calmer and calmer :
 When they said, " Are you dumb ? " she merely said, " Hum ! "
 That provoking Young Lady of Parma.



There was an Old Person of Sparta,
 Who had twenty-five sons and one "darter ;"
 He fed them on Snails, and weighed them in scales,
 That wonderful Person of Sparta.



There was an Old Man on whose nose
 Most birds of the air could repose ;
 But they all flew away at the closing of day,
 Which relieved that Old Man and his nose.



There was a Young Lady of Turkey,
 Who wept when the weather was murky ;
 When the day turned out fine, she ceased to repine,
 That capricious Young Lady of Turkey.



There was an Old Man of Aôsta
 Who possessed a large Cow, but he lost her ;
 But they said, " Don't you see she has run up a tree,
 You invidious Old Man of Aôsta ? "



There was a Young Person of Crete,
Whose toilette was far from complete ;
She dressed in a sack spickle-speckled with black,
That ombliferous Person of Crete.



There was a Young Lady of Clare,
Who was madly pursued by a Bear ;
When she found she was tired, she abruptly expired,
That unfortunate Lady of Clare.



There was a Young Lady of Dorking,
Who bought a large bonnet for walking ;
But its color and size so bedazzled her eyes,
That she very soon went back to Dorking.



**There was an Old Man of Cape Horn,
Who wished he had never been born ;
So he sat on a Chair till he died of despair,
That dolorous Man of Cape Horn.**



There was an old Person of Cromer,
Who stood on one leg to read Homer ;
When he found he grew stiff, he jumped over the cliff,
Which concluded that Person of Cromer.



There was an Old Man of the Hague,
Whose ideas were excessively vague ;
He built a balloon to examine the moon,
That deluded Old Man of the Hague.



There was an Old Person of Spain,
Who hated all trouble and pain ;
So he sate on a chair with his feet in the air,
That umbrageous Old Person of Spain.



There was an Old Man who said, " Well !
Will *nobody* answer this bell?
I have pulled day and night, till my hair has grown white,
But nobody answers this bell ! "



There was an Old Man with an Owl,
Who continued to bother and howl ;
He sat on a rail, and imbibed bitter ale,
Which refreshed that Old Man and his Owl.



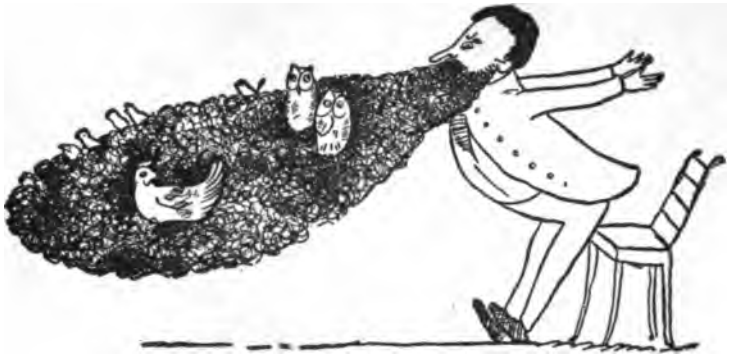
**There was an Old Man in a casement,
Who held up his hands in amazement ;
When they said, " Sir, you 'll fall ! " he replied, " Not at all ! "
That incipient Old Man in a casement.**



There was an Old Person of Ewell,
Who chiefly subsisted on gruel ;
But to make it more nice, he inserted some Mice,
Which refreshed that Old Person of Ewell.



There was an Old Man of Peru,
Who never knew what he should do ;
So he tore off his hair, and behaved like a bear,
That intrinsic Old Man of Peru.



There was an Old Man with a beard,
 Who said, "It is just as I feared! —
 Two Owls and a Hen, four Larks and a Wren,
 Have all built their nests in my beard."



There was a Young Lady whose eyes
 Were unique as to color and size;
 When she opened them wide, people all turned aside,
 And started away in surprise.




There was a Young Lady of Ryde,
 Whose shoe-strings were seldom untied ;
 She purchased some clogs, and some small spotty Dogs,
 And frequently walked about Ryde.



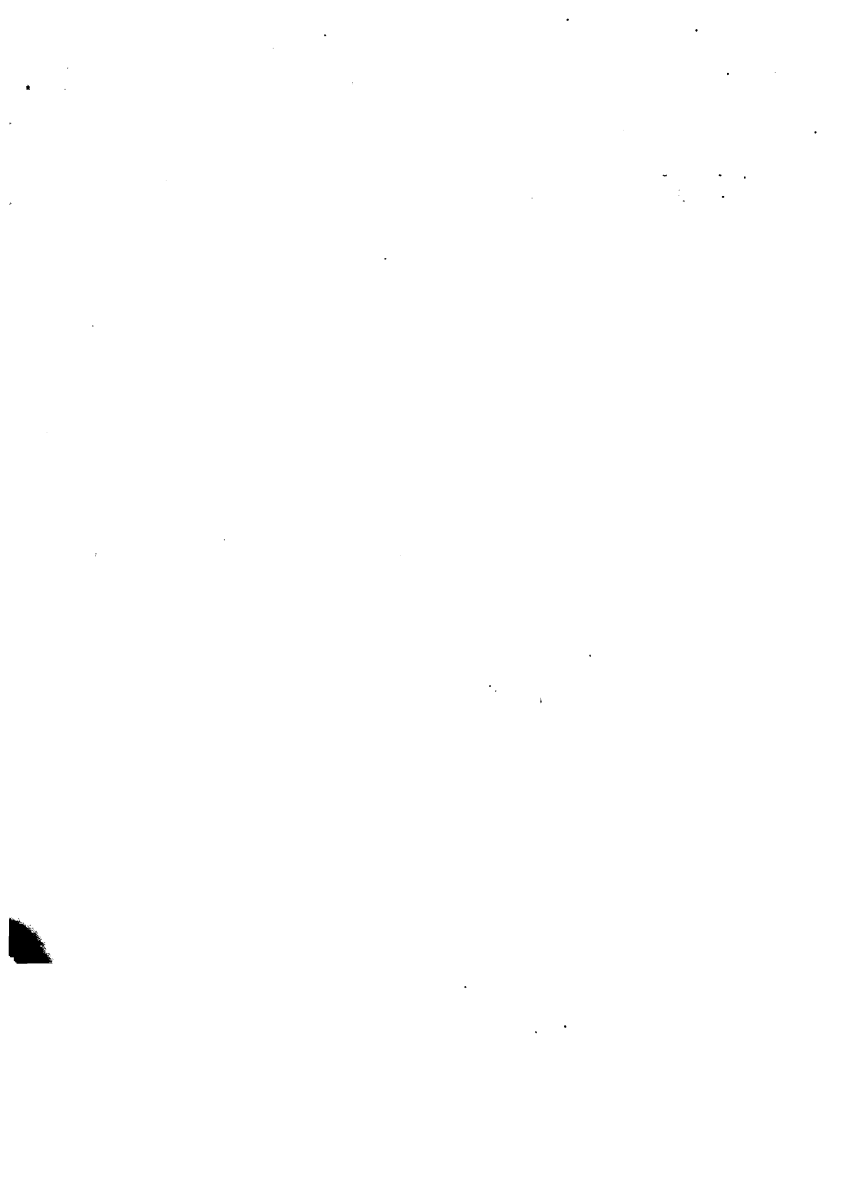
There was a Young Lady whose bonnet
 Came untied when the birds sate upon it ;
 But she said, " I don't care ! all the birds in the air
 Are welcome to sit on my bonnet ! "



11111111



ONE HUNDRED NONSENSE PICTURES
AND RHYMES.



A



A was an ape,
Who stole some white tape,
And tied up his toes
In four beautiful bows.

a

Funny old ape!

B



B was a bat,
Who slept all the day,
And fluttered about
When the sun went away.

b

Brown little bat !

C



C was a camel :
You rode on his hump ;
And if you fell off,
You came down such a bump !

C

What a high camel !

D



D was a dove,
Who lived in a wood,
With such pretty soft wings,
And so gentle and good !

d

Dear little dove !

E



E was an eagle,
Who sat on the rocks,
And looked down on the fields
And the far-away flocks.

e

Beautiful eagle !

F



F was a fan
Made of beautiful stuff ;
And when it was used,
It went puffy-puff-puff !

f

Nice little fan !

G

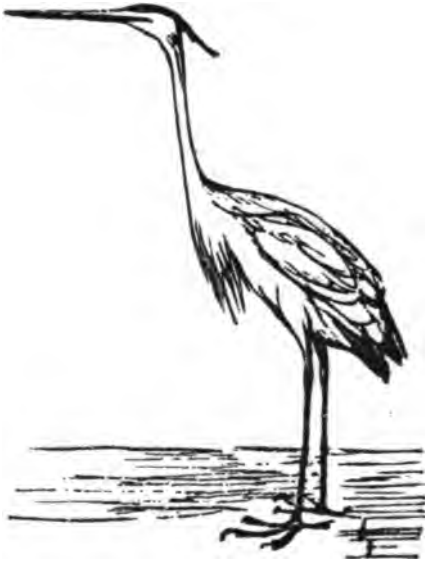


G was a gooseberry,
Perfectly red ;
To be made into jam,
And eaten with bread.

g

Gooseberry red !

H

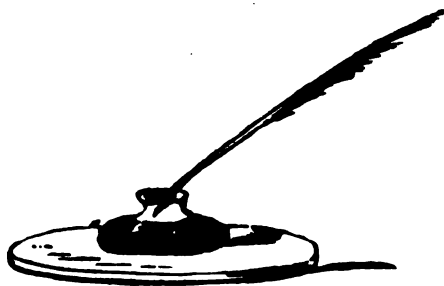


H was a heron,
Who stood in a stream :
The length of his neck
And his legs was extreme.

h

Long-legged heron !

I



I was an inkstand,
Which stood on a table,
With a nice pen to write with
When we are able.

i

Neat little inkstand !

J



J was a jug,
So pretty and white,
With fresh water in it
At morning and night.

j

Nice little jug !

K



K was a kingfisher :
Quickly he flew,
So bright and so pretty !—
Green, purple, and blue.

k

Kingfisher blue !

L



L was a lily,
So white and so sweet !
To see it and smell it
Was quite a nice treat.

1

Beautiful lily !

M



M was a man,
Who walked round and round ;
And he wore a long coat
That came down to the ground.

m

Funny old man !

N



N was a nut
So smooth and so brown !
And when it was ripe,
It fell tumble-dum-down.

n

Nice little nut !

O



O was an oyster,
Who lived in his shell :
If you let him alone,
He felt perfectly well.

O

Open-mouthed oyster !

P

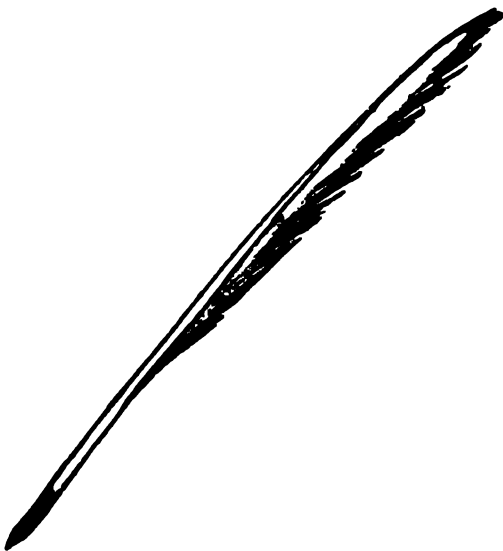


P was a polly,
All red, blue, and green, —
The most beautiful polly
That ever was seen.

P

Poor little polly !

Q



Q was a quill
Made into a pen ;
But I do not know where,
And I cannot say when.

q

Nice little quill !

R

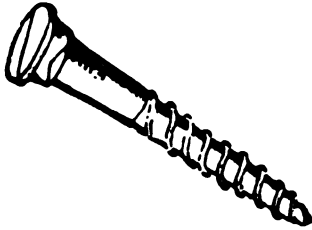


R was a rattlesnake,
Rolled up so tight,
Those who saw him ran quickly,
For fear he should bite.

R

Rattlesnake bite !

S



S was a screw
To screw down a box ;
And then it was fastened
Without any locks.

S

Valuable screw !

T



T was a thimble,
Of silver so bright !
When placed on the finger,
It fitted so tight !

t

Nice little thimble !

U



U was an upper-coat,
Woolly and warm,
To wear over all
In the snow or the storm.

u

What a nice upper-coat !

V



V was a veil
With a border upon it,
And a ribbon to tie it
All round a pink bonnet.

V

Pretty green veil!

W



W was a watch,
Where, in letters of gold,
The hour of the day
You might always behold.

W

Beautiful watch!

X

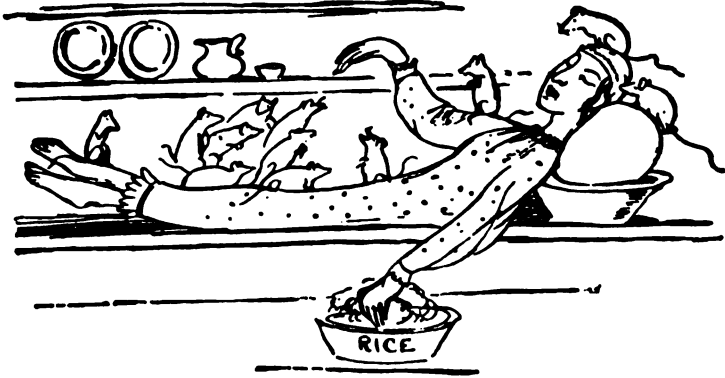


X was King Xerxes,
Who wore on his head
A mighty large turban,
Green, yellow, and red.

X

Look at King Xerxes !





There was a young person of Bantry,
Who frequently slept in the pantry ;
When disturbed by the mice, she appeased them with rice,
That judicious young person of Bantry.



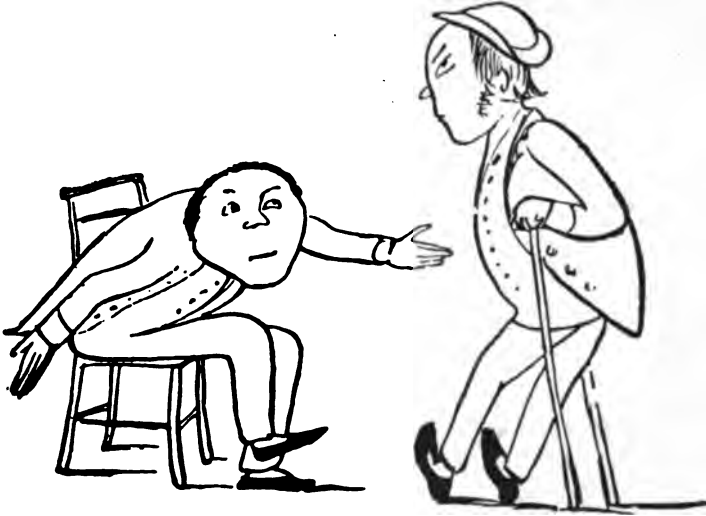
There was an Old Man at a Junction,
Whose feelings were wrung with compunction
When they said, "The Train 's gone!" he exclaimed, "How
forlorn!"
But remained on the rails of the Junction.



There was an old person of Minety,
Who purchased five hundred and ninety
Large apples and pears, which he threw unawares
At the heads of the people of Minety.



There was an old man of Thermopylæ,
Who never did anything properly ;
But they said, " If you choose to boil eggs in your shoes,
You shall never remain in Thermopylæ."



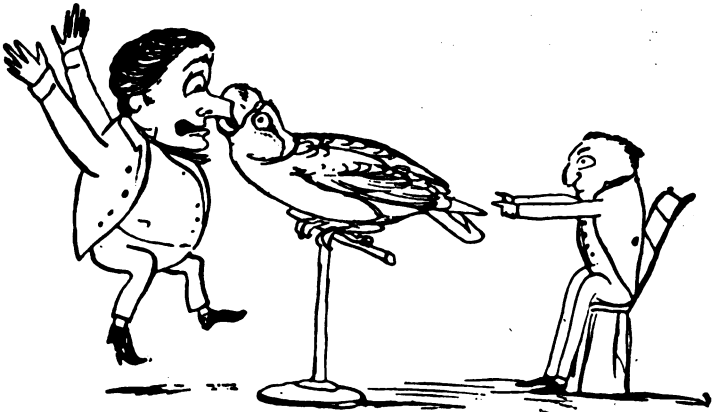
There was an old person of Deal,
Who in walking used only his heel ;
When they said, "Tell us why?" he made no reply.
That mysterious old person of Deal.



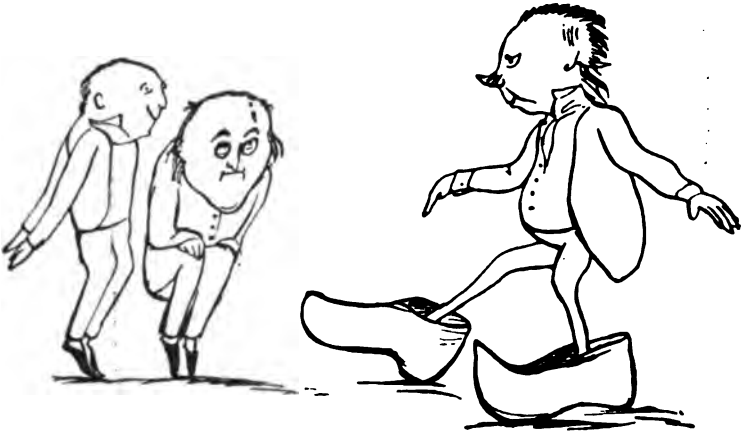
There was an old man on the Humber,
Who dined on a cake of Burnt UMBER ;
When he said, "It's enough !" they only said, "Stuff !
You amazing old man on the Humber !"



There was an old man in a barge,
Whose nose was exceedingly large ;
But in fishing by night, it supported a light,
Which helped that old man in a barge.



There was an old man of Dunrose ;
A parrot seized hold of his nose.
When he grew melancholy, they said, " His name 's Polly,"
Which soothed that old man of Dunrose.



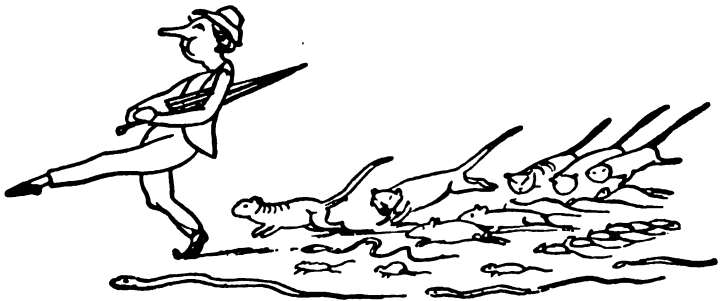
There was an old man of Toulouse
 Who purchased a new pair of shoes ;
 When they asked, " Are they pleasant ? " he said, " Not at present ! "
 That turbid old man of Toulouse.



There was an old person of Bree,
 Who frequented the depths of the sea ;
 She nurs'd the small fishes, and washed all the dishes,
 And swam back again into Bree.



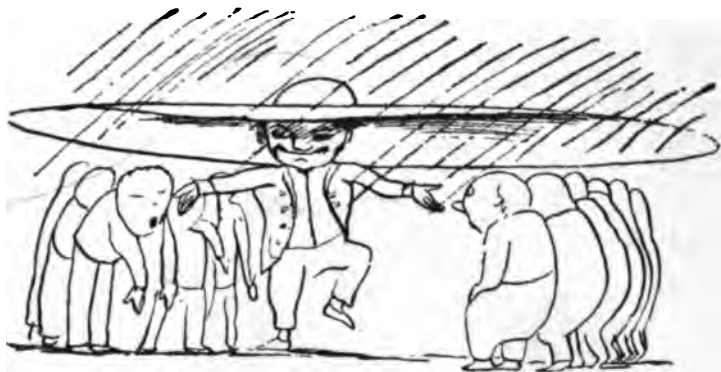
There was an old person of Bromley,
 Whose ways were not cheerful or comely ;
 He sate in the dust, eating spiders and crust,
 That unpleasing old person of Bromley.



There was an old person of Shields,
 Who frequented the vallies and fields ;
 All the mice and the cats, and the snakes and the rats,
 Followed after that person of Shields.



There was an old man of Dunluce,
 Who went out to sea on a goose :
 When he 'd gone out a mile, he observ'd with a smile,
 " It is time to return to Dunluce."



There was an old man of Dee-side
 Whose hat was exceedingly wide,
 But he said, " Do not fail, if it happen to hail,
 To come under my hat at Dee-side ! "



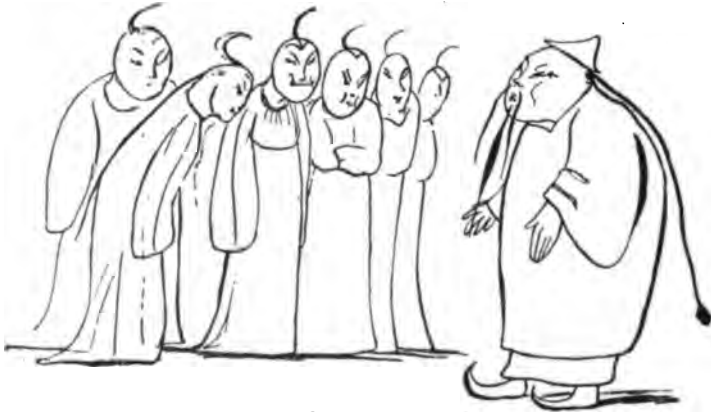
There was an old person in black,
A Grasshopper jumped on his back ;
When it chirped in his ear, he was smitten with fear,
That helpless old person in black.



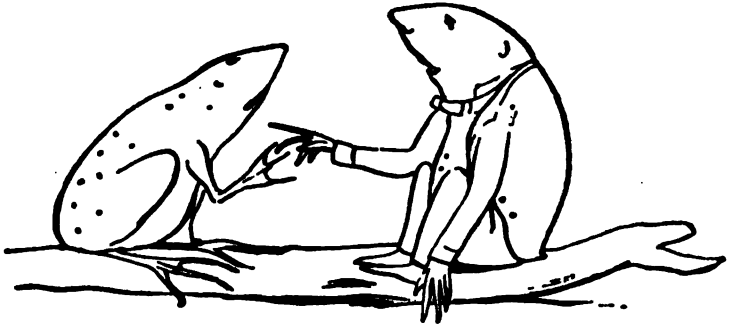
There was an old man of the Dargle
Who purchased six barrels of Gargle ;
For he said, " I 'll sit still, and will roll them down hill,
For the fish in the depths of the Dargle."



There was an old person of Pinner,
 As thin as a lath, if not thinner ;
 They dressed him in white, and roll'd him up tight.
 That elastic old person of Pinner.



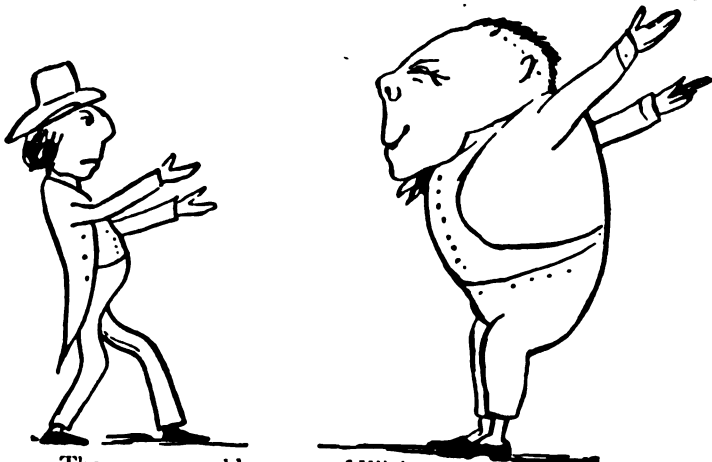
There was an old person of China.
 Whose daughters were Jiska and Dinah,
 Amelia and Fluffy, Olivia and Chuffy,
 And all of them settled in China.



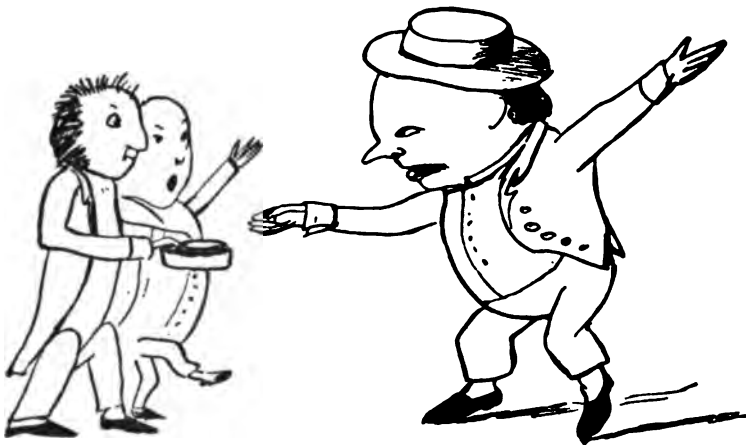
There was an old man in a Marsh,
 Whose manners were futile and harsh ;
 He sate on a log, and sang songs to a frog,
 That instructive old man in a Marsh.



There was an old person of Brill,
 Who purchased a shirt with a frill ;
 But they said, " Don't you wish, you may n't look like a fish,
 You obsequious old person of Brill ? "



There was an old person of Wick,
 Who said, "Tick-a-Tick, Tick-a-Tick ;
 Chickabee, Chickabaw." And he said nothing more,
 That laconic old person of Wick.

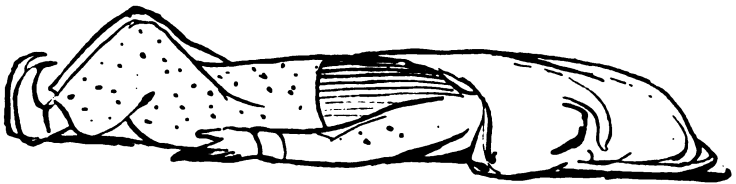


There was an old man at a Station,
 Who made a promiscuous oration ;
 But they said, "Take some snuff! — You have talk'd quite enough,
 You afflicting old man at a Station !"

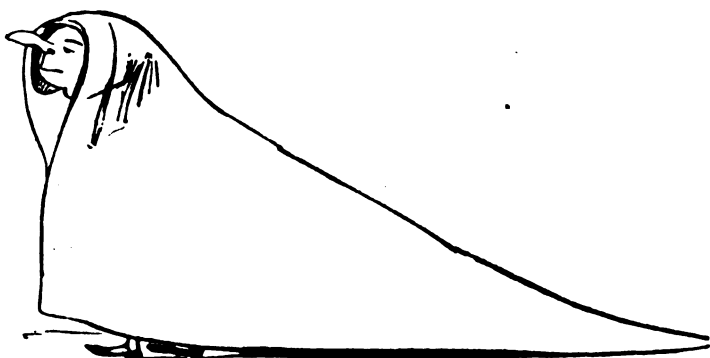
MORE NONSENSE PICTURES.



There was an old man of Three Bridges,
 Whose mind was distracted by midges,
 He sate on a wheel, eating underdone veal,
 Which relieved that old man of Three Bridges.



There was an old man of Hong Kong,
 Who never did anything wrong ;
 He lay on his back, with his head in a sack,
 That innocuous old man of Hong Kong.



There was a young person in green,
 Who seldom was fit to be seen ;
 She wore a long shawl, over bonnet and all,
 Which enveloped that person in green.



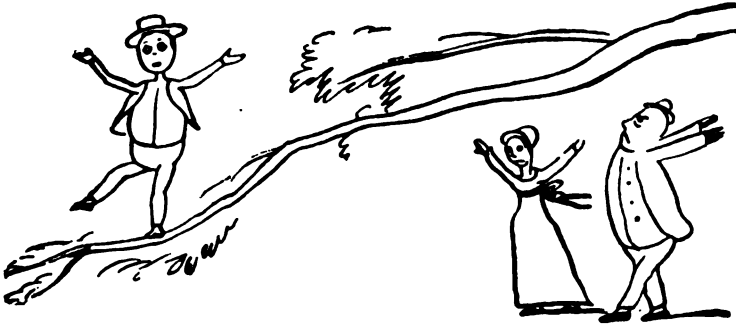
There was an old person of Fife,
 Who was greatly disgusted with life ;
 They sang him a ballad, and fed him on salad,
 Which cured that old person of Fife.



There was an old man who screamed out
 Whenever they knocked him about :
 So they took off his boots, and fed him with fruits,
 And continued to knock him about.



There was a young lady in white,
 Who looked out at the depths of the night ;
 But the birds of the air, filled her heart with despair,
 And oppressed that young lady in white.



There was an old person of Slough,
 Who danced at the end of a bough ;
 But they said, " If you sneeze, you might damage the trees,
 You imprudent old person of Slough."



There was an old person of Down,
 Whose face was adorned with a frown ;
 When he opened the door, for one minute or more,
 He alarmed all the people of Down.



There was a young person in red,
 Who carefully covered her head,
 With a bonnet of leather, and three lines of feather,
 Besides some long ribands of red.



There was an old person of Hove,
 Who frequented the depths of a grove ;
 Where he studied his books, with the wrens and the rooks,
 That tranquil old person of Hove.

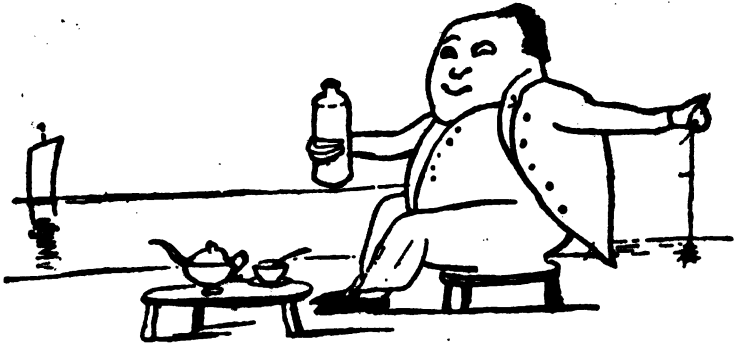


There was a young person in pink,
 Who called out for something to drink ;
 But they said, " O my daughter, there 's nothing but water !"
 Which vexed that young person in pink.



There was an old lady of France,
 Who taught little ducklings to dance ;
 When she said, " Tick-a-tack !" they only said, " Quack !"
 Which grieved that old lady of France.

MORE NONSENSE PICTURES.



There was an old person of Putney,
 Whose food was roast spiders and chutney,
 Which he took with his tea, within sight of the sea,
 That romantic old person of Putney.



There was an old person of Loo,
 Who said, "What on earth shall I do?"
 When they said, "Go away!" she continued to stay,
 That vexatious old person of Loo.



There was an old person of Woking,
Whose mind was perverse and provoking ;
He sate on a rail, with his head in a pail,
That illusive old person of Woking.



There was an old person of Dean
Who dined on one pea, and one bean ;
For he said, " More than that, would make me too fat,"
That cautious old person of Dean.



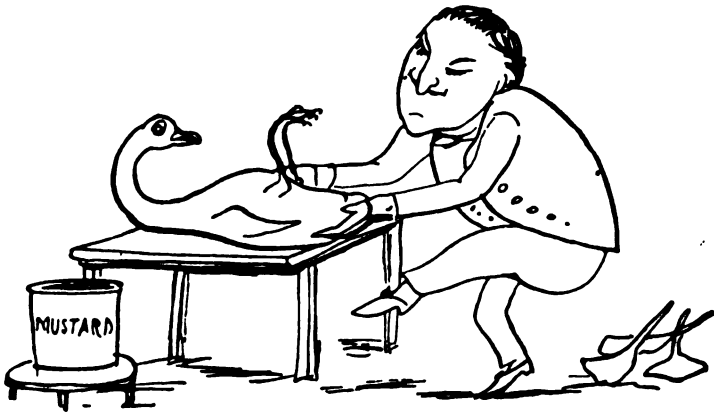
There was a young lady in blue,
 Who said, " Is it you? Is it you?
 When they said, " Yes, it is," she replied only, " Whizz !"
That ungracious young lady in blue.



There was an old man in a garden,
 Who always begged every one's pardon ;
 When they asked him, " What for?" he replied, " You 're a bore !
 And I trust you 'll go out of my garden."



There was an old person of Pisa,
 Whose daughters did nothing to please her ;
 She dressed them in gray, and banged them all day,
 Round the walls of the city of Pisa.

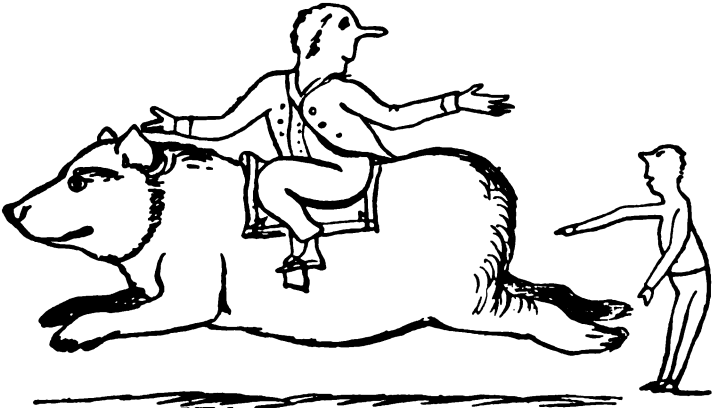


There was an old person of Florence,
 Who held mutton chops in abhorrence ;
 He purchased a Bustard, and fried him in Mustard,
 Which choked that old person of Florence.

MORE NONSENSE PICTURES.



There was an old person of Sheen,
 Whose expression was calm and serene ;
 He sate in the water, and drank bottled porter,
 That placid old person of Sheen.



There was an old person of Ware,
 Who rode on the back of a bear :
 When they ask'd, " Does it trot ? " he said, " Certainly not !
 He's a Moppsikon Floppsikon bear ! "



There was a young person of Janina,
 Whose uncle was always a fanning her ;
 When he fanned off her head, she smiled sweetly, and said,
 " You propitious old person of Janina ! "



There was an old man of Cashmere,
 Whose movements were scroobious and queer ;
 Being slender and tall, he looked over a wall,
 And perceived two fat ducks of Cashmere.





**There was an old person of Cassel,
Whose nose finished off in a tassel ;
But they call'd out, " Oh well ! don't it look like a bell !"
Which perplexed that old person of Cassel.**



**There was an old person of Pett,
Who was partly consumed by regret ;
He sate in a cart, and ate cold apple tart,
Which relieved that old person of Pett.**



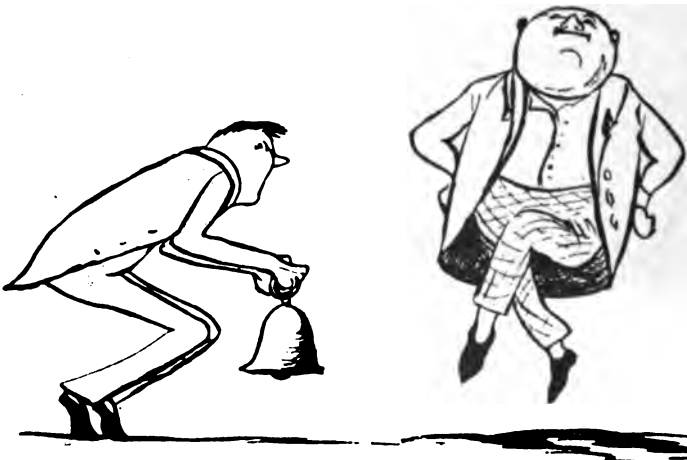
There was an old man of Spithead,
Who opened the window, and said, —
“ Fil-jumble, fil-jumble, fil-rumble-come-tumble ! ”
That doubtful old man of Spithead.



There was an old man on the Border,
Who lived in the utmost disorder ;
He danced with the cat, and made tea in his hat,
Which vexed all the folks on the Border.



There was an old man of Dumbree,
 Who taught little owls to drink tea ;
 For he said, "To eat mice is not proper or nice,"
 That amiable man of Dumbree.



There was an old person of Filey,
 Of whom his acquaintance spoke highly ;
 He danced perfectly well, to the sound of a bell,
 And delighted the people of Filey.



There was an old man whose remorse
 Induced him to drink Caper Sauce ;
 For they said, " If mixed up with some cold claret-cup,
 It will certainly soothe your remorse ! "



There was an old man of Ibream,
 Who suddenly threaten'd to scream :
 But they said, " If you do, we will thump you quite blue,
 You disgusting old man of Ibream ! "

MORE NONSENSE PICTURES.



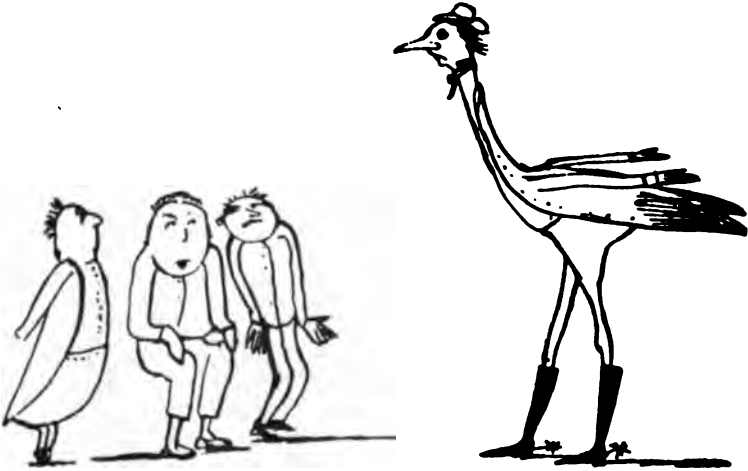
There was an old person of Wilts,
 Who constantly walked upon stilts ;
 He wreathed them with lilies and daffy-down-dillies,
 That elegant person of Wilts.



There was an old person of Grange,
 Whose manners were scoobious and strange ;
 He sailed to St. Blubb in a waterproof tub,
 That aquatic old person of Grange.

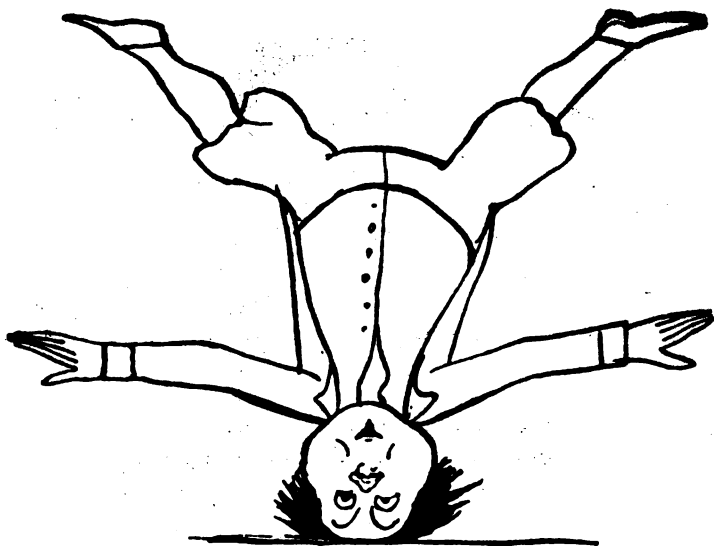


There was an old person of Newry,
Whose manners were tinctured with fury ;
He tore all the rugs, and broke all the jugs,
Within twenty miles' distance of Newry.



There was an old man of Dumblane,
Who greatly resembled a crane ;
But they said, " Is it wrong, since your legs are so long,
To request you won't stay in Dumblane ? "

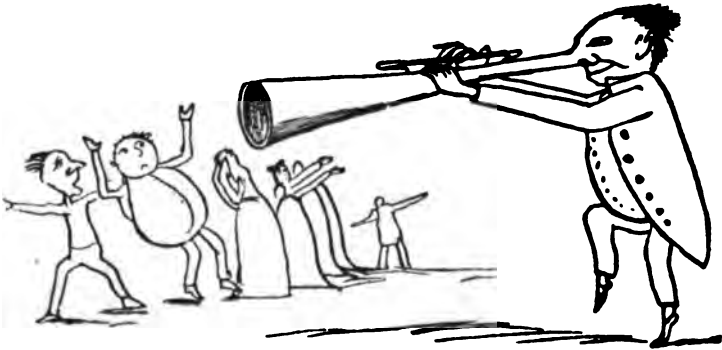
MORE NONSENSE PICTURES.



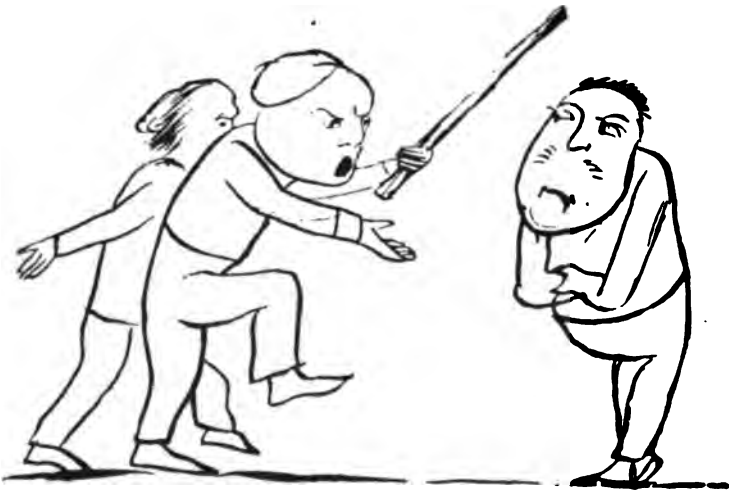
There was an old man of Port Grigor,
 Whose actions were noted for vigour ;
 He stood on his head till his waistcoat turned red,
 That eclectic old man of Port Grigor.



There was an old man of El Hums,
 Who lived upon nothing but crumbs,
 Which he picked off the ground, with the other birds round,
 In the roads and the lanes of El Hums.



There was an old man of West Dumpet,
Who possessed a large nose like a trumpet ;
When he blew it aloud, it astonished the crowd,
And was heard through the whole of West Dumpet.



There was an old person of Sark,
Who made an unpleasant remark ;
But they said, " Don't you see what a brute you must be,
You obnoxious old person of Sark ! "



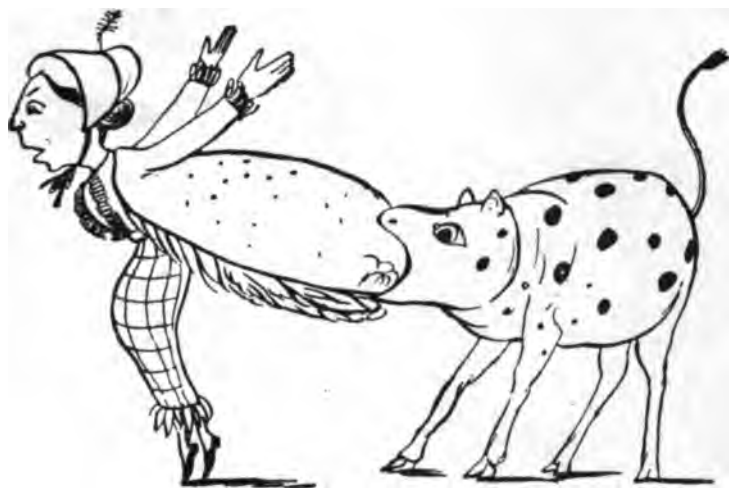
There was an old man whose despair
 Induced him to purchase a hare :
 Whereon one fine day he rode wholly away,
 Which partly assuaged his despair.



There was an old person of Barnes,
 Whose garments were covered with darns ;
 But they said, " Without doubt, you will soon wear them out,
 You luminous person of Barnes ! "



There was an old person of Nice,
 Whose associates were usually Geese.
 They walked out together in all sorts of weather,
 That affable person of Nice !



There was a young lady of Greenwich,
 Whose garments were border'd with Spinach ;
 But a large spotty Calf bit her shawl quite in half,
 Which alarmed that young lady of Greenwich.



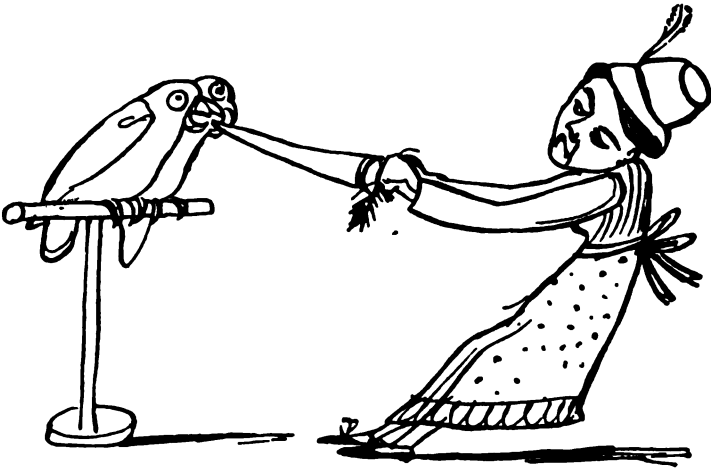
There was an old person of Cannes,
Who purchased three fowls and a fan ;
Those she placed on a stool, and to make them feel cool
She constantly fanned them at Cannes.



There was an old person of Ickley,
Who could not abide to ride quickly ;
He rode to Karnak on a tortoise's back,
That moony old person of Ickley



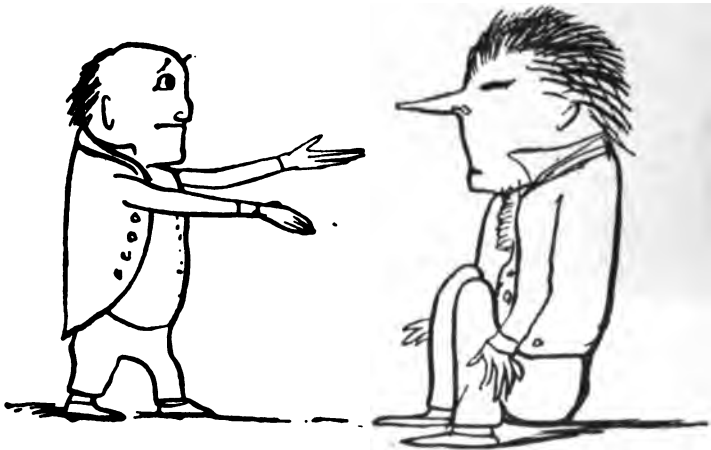
There was an old person of Hyde,
 Who walked by the shore with his bride,
 Till a Crab who came near fill'd their bosoms with fear,
 And they said, "Would we 'd never left Hyde!"



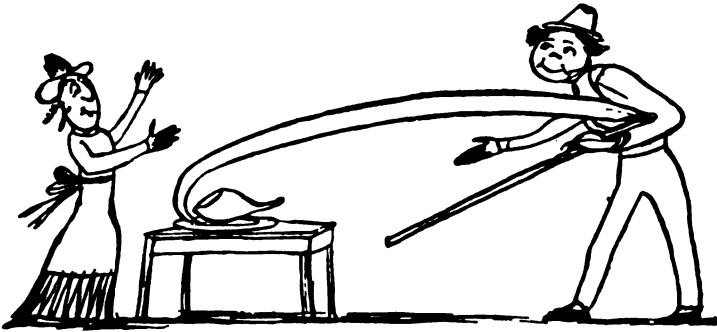
There was an old person in gray,
 Whose feelings were tinged with dismay ;
 She purchased two parrots, and fed them with carrots,
 Which pleased that old person in gray.



There was an old man of Ancona,
 Who found a small dog with no owner,
 Which he took up and down all the streets of the town,
 That anxious old man of Ancona.



There was an old person of Sestri,
 Who sate himself down in the vestry ;
 When they said, " You are wrong ! " he merely said " Bong ! "
 That repulsive old person of Sestri.



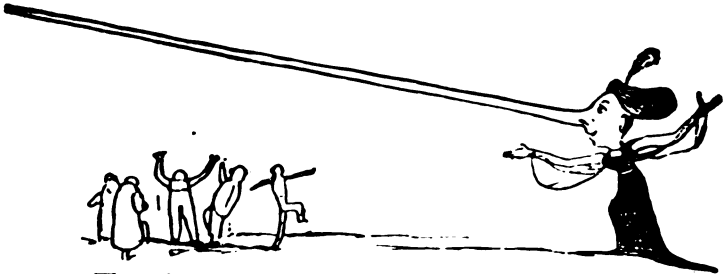
There was an old person of Blythe,
 Who cut up his meat with a scythe ;
 When they said, " Well ! I never ! " he cried, " Scythes for ever ! "
 That lively old person of Blythe.



There was a young person of Ayr,
 Whose head was remarkably square :
 On the top, in fine weather, she wore a gold feather ;
 Which dazzled the people of Ayr.



There was an old person of Rimini,
 Who said, "Gracious ! Goodness ! O Gimini !"
 When they said, "Please be still !" she ran down a hill,
 And was never more heard of at Rimini.



There is a young lady, whose nose,
 Continually prospers and grows ;
 When it grew out of sight, she exclaimed in a fright,
 "Oh ! Farewell to the end of my nose !"



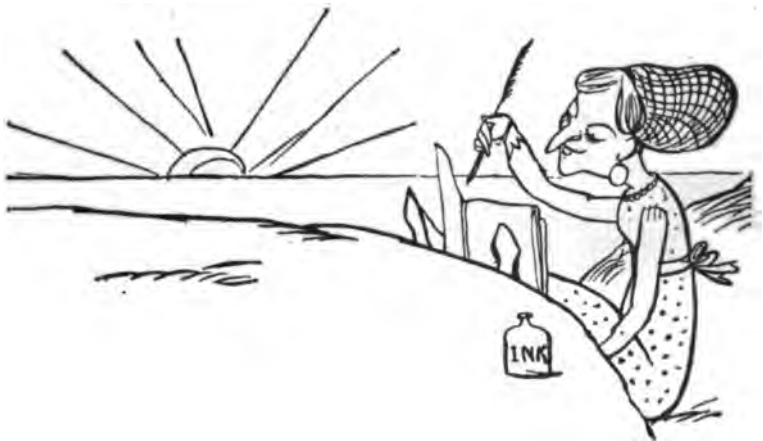
There was an old person of Ealing,
 Who was wholly devoid of good feeling ;
 He drove a small gig, with three Owls and a Pig,
 Which distressed all the people of Ealing.



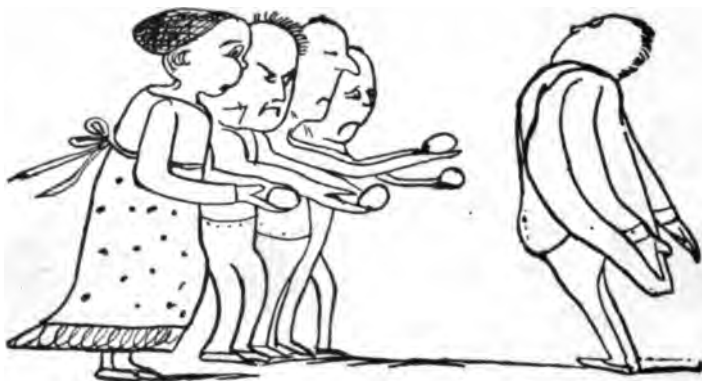
There was an old man of Thames Ditton,
 Who called out for something to sit on ;
 But they brought him a hat, and said, " Sit upon that,
 You abruptious old man of Thames Ditton ! "



There was an old person of Bray,
 Who sang through the whole of the day
 To his ducks and his pigs, whom he fed upon figs,
 That valuable person of Bray.



**There was a young person whose history
 Was always considered a mystery ;
 She sate in a ditch, although no one knew which,
 And composed a small treatise on history.**



There was an old person of Bow,
Whom nobody happened to know ;
So they gave him some soap, and said coldly, " We hope
You will go back directly to Bow ! "



There was an old person of Rye,
Who went up to town on a fly ;
But they said, " If you cough, you are safe to fall off !
You abstemious old person of Rye ! "



There was an old person of Crowle,
 Who lived in the nest of an owl;
 When they screamed in the nest, he screamed out with the rest,
That depressing old person of Crowle.



There was an old Lady of Winchelsea,
 Who said, "If you needle or pin shall see
 On the floor of my room, sweep it up with the broom!"
That exhaustive old Lady of Winchelsea!



There was an old man in a tree,
 Whose whiskers were lovely to see ;
 But the birds of the air pluck'd them perfectly bare,
 To make themselves nests in that tree.



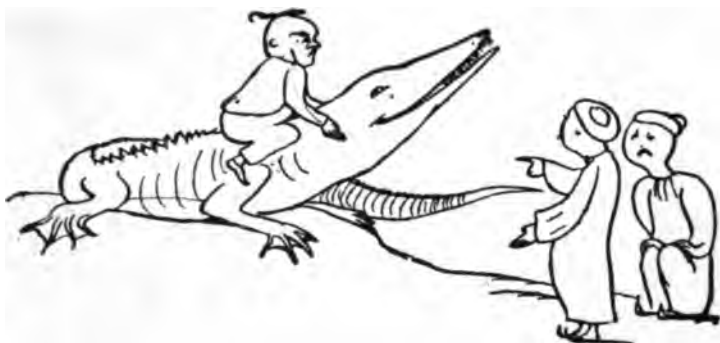
There was a young lady of Corsica,
 Who purchased a little brown saucy-cur ;
 Which she fed upon ham, and hot raspberry jam,
 That expensive young lady of Corsica.



There was a young lady of Firl,
Whose hair was addicted to curl ;
It curled up a tree, and all over the sea,
That expansive young lady of Firl.



There was an old person of Stroud,
Who was horribly jammed in a crowd ;
Some she slew with a kick, some she scrunched with a stick,
That impulsive old person of Stroud.



There was an old man of Boulak,
 Who sate on a Crocodile's back ;
 But they said, " Towr'ds the night he may probably bite,
 Which might vex you, old man of Boulak !"



There was an old person of Skye,
 Who waltz'd with a Bluebottle fly :
 They buzz'd a sweet tune, to the light of the moon,
 And entranced all the people of Skye.



There was an old man of Blackheath,
Whose head was adorned with a wreath
Of lobsters and spice, pickled onions and mice.
That uncommon old man of Blackheath.



There was an old man, who when little
Fell casually into a kettle ;
But, growing too stout, he could never get out,
So he passed all his life in that kettle.



There was an old person of Dundalk,
Who tried to teach fishes to walk ;
When they tumbled down dead, he grew weary, and said,
“ I had better go back to Dundalk !”



There was an old person of Shoreham,
Whose habits were marked by decorum ;
He bought an Umbrella, and sate in the cellar,
Which pleased all the people of Shoreham.



**There was an old person of Bar,
Who passed all her life in a jar,
Which she painted pea-green, to appear more serene,
That placid old person of Bar.**



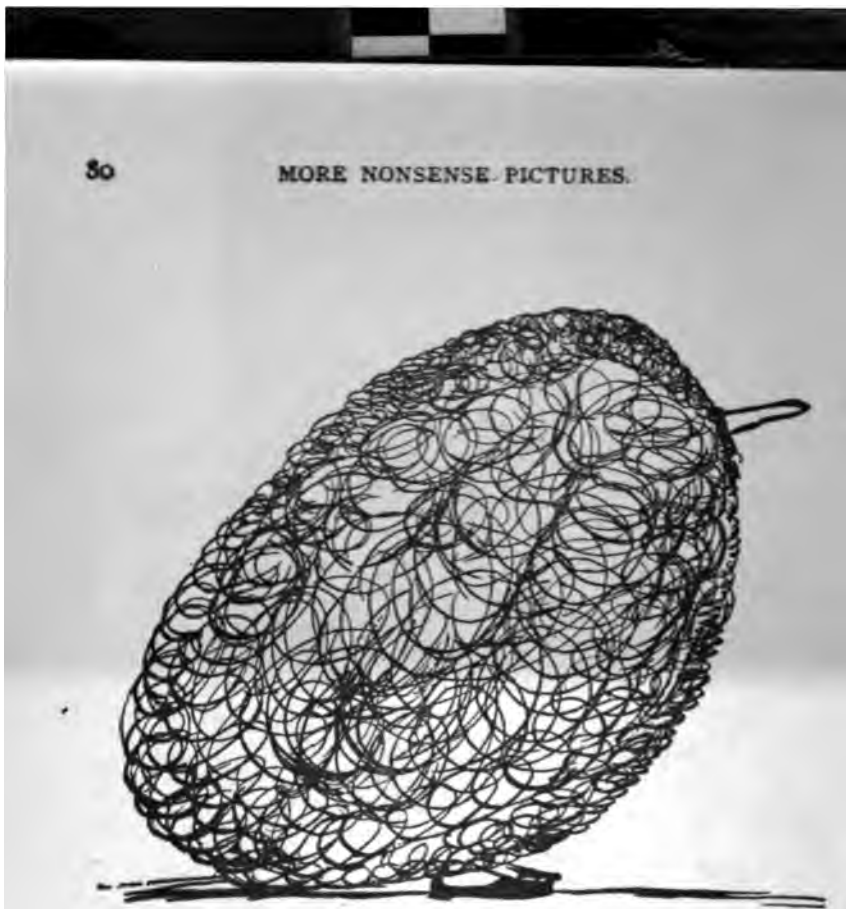
There was a young person of Kew,
Whose virtues and vices were few ;
But with blamable haste she devoured some hot paste,
Which destroyed that young person of Kew.



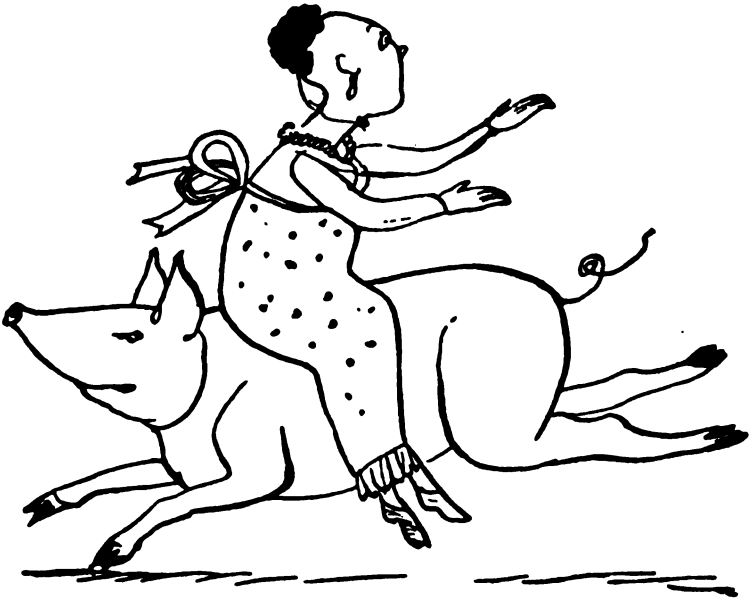
There was an old person of Jodd,
Whose ways were perplexing and odd ;
She purchased a whistle, and sate on a thistle,
And squeaked to the people of Jodd.



There was an old person of Bude,
Whose deportment was vicious and crude ;
He wore a large ruff of pale straw-colored stuff,
Which perplexed all the people of Bude.



**There was an old person of Brigg,
Who purchased no end of a wig ;
So that only his nose, and the end of his toes,
Could be seen when he walked about Brigg.**



There was an old man of Messina,
Whose daughter was named Opsibeenā ;
She wore a small wig, and rode out on a pig,
To the perfect delight of Messina.





NONSENSE SONGS.



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NONSENSE SONGS.

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NONSENSE SONGS.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT.

I.

THE Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat :
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are !
What a beautiful Pussy you are !"

II.

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
 How charmingly sweet you sing!
 Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried:
 But what shall we do for a ring?"
 They sailed away, for a year and a day,
 To the land where the bong-tree grows;
 And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
 With a ring at the end of his nose,
 His nose,
 His nose,
 With a ring at the end of his nose.



III.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
 Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
 So they took it away, and were married next day
 By the Turkey who lives on the hill.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT.

9

They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon ;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.





THE DUCK AND THE KANGAROO.

I.

SAID the Duck to the Kangaroo,
"Good gracious! how you hop
Over the fields, and the water too,
As if you never would stop!
My life is a bore in this nasty pond;
And I long to go out in the world beyond:
I wish I could hop like you,"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

II.

"Please give me a ride on your back,"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo:
"I would sit quite still, and say nothing but 'Quack'
The whole of the long day through;

THE DUCK AND THE KANGAROO.

11

And we'd go the Dee, and the Jelly Bo Lee,
Over the land, and over the sea :
Please take me a ride ! oh, do !"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.



III.

Said the Kangaroo to the Duck,
"This requires some little reflection.
Perhaps, on the whole, it might bring me luck :
And there seems but one objection ;
Which is, if you 'll let me speak so bold,
Your feet are unpleasantly wet and cold,
And would probably give me the roo-
Matiz," said the Kangaroo.

IV.

Said the Duck, "As I sate on the rocks,
I have thought over that completely ;
And I bought four pairs of worsted socks,
Which fit my web-feet neatly ;
And, to keep out the cold, I've bought a cloak ;
And every day a cigar I'll smoke ;
All to follow my own dear true
Love of a Kangaroo."

V.

Said the Kangaroo, "I'm ready,
All in the moonlight pale ;
**But to balance me well, dear Duck, sit steady,
And quite at the end of my tail."**



THE DUCK AND THE KANGAROO.

13

So away they went with a hop and a bound ;
And they hopped the whole world three times round.
And who so happy, oh ! who,
As the Duck and the Kangaroo ?





THE DADDY LONG-LEGS AND THE FLY.

I.

ONCE Mr. Daddy Long-legs,
Dressed in brown and gray,
Walked about upon the sands
Upon a summer's day :
And there among the pebbles,
When the wind was rather cold,
He met with Mr. Floppy Fly,
All dressed in blue and gold ;
And, as it was too soon to dine,
They drank some periwinkle-wine,
And played an hour or two, or more,
At battlecock and shuttledore.

II.

Said Mr. Daddy Long-legs
 To Mr. Floppy Fly,
 "Why do you never come to court?
 I wish you 'd tell me why.
 All gold and shine, in dress so fine,
 You 'd quite delight the court.
 Why do you never go at all?
 I really think you *ought*.
 And, if you went, you 'd see such sights!
 Such rugs and jugs and candle-lights!
 And, more than all, the king and queen, —
 One in red, and one in green."

III.

"O Mr. Daddy Long-legs!"
 Said Mr. Floppy Fly,
 "It's true I never go to court;
 And I will tell you why.
 If I had six long legs like yours,
 At once I'd go to court;
 But, oh! I can't, because *my* legs
 Are so extremely short.
 And I'm afraid the king and queen
 (One in red, and one in green)
 Would say aloud, 'You are not fit,
 You Fly, to come to court a bit!'

IV.

"Oh, Mr. Daddy Long-legs!"
 Said Mr. Floppy Fly,

"I wish you 'd sing one little song,
 One mumbian melody.
 You used to sing so awful well
 In former days gone by ;
 But now you never sing at all :
 I wish you 'd tell me why :
 For, if you would, the silvery sound
 Would please the shrimps and cockles round,
 And all the crabs would gladly come
 To hear you sing, 'Ah, Hum di Hum !'"

V.

Said Mr. Daddy Long-legs,
 "I can never sing again ;
 And, if you wish, I 'll tell you why,
 Although it gives me pain.
 For years I cannot hum a bit,
 Or sing the smallest song ;
 And this the dreadful reason is, —
 My legs are grown too long !
 My six long legs, all here and there,
 Oppress my bosom with despair ;
 And, if I stand or lie or sit,
 I cannot sing one single bit !"

VI.

So Mr. Daddy Long-legs
 And Mr. Floppy Fly
 Sat down in silence by the sea,
 And gazed upon the sky.
 They said, "This is a dreadful thing !
 The world has all gone wrong,"

Since one has legs too short by half,
The other much too long.
One never more can go to court,
Because his legs have grown too short ;
The other cannot sing a song,
Because his legs have grown too long !”

VII.

Then Mr. Daddy Long-legs
And Mr. Floppy Fly
Rushed downward to the foamy sea
With one sponge-taneous cry :
And there they found a little boat,
Whose sails were pink and gray ;
And off they sailed among the waves,
Far and far away :
They sailed across the silent main,
And reached the great Gromboolian Plain ;
And there they play forevermore
At battlecock and shuttledore.





THE JUMBLIES.

I.

THEY went to sea in a sieve, they did;
In a sieve they went to sea:
In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
In a sieve they went to sea.
And when the sieve turned round and round,
And every one cried, "You'll all be drowned!"
They called aloud, "Our sieve ain't big;
But we don't care a button, we don't care a fig:
In a sieve we'll go to sea!"
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue
And they went to sea in a sieve.

II.

They sailed away in a sieve, they did,
In a sieve they sailed so fast,
With only a beautiful pea-green veil
Tied with a ribbon, by way of a sail,
To a small tobacco-pipe mast.
And every one said who saw them go,
"Oh! won't they be soon upset, you know?
For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long;
And, happen what may, it's extremely wrong
In a sieve to sail so fast."

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

III.

The water it soon came in, it did;
The water it soon came in:
So, to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet
In a pinky paper all folded neat;
And they fastened it down with a pin.
And they passed the night in a crockery-jar;
And each of them said, "How wise we are!
Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long,
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
While round in our sieve we spin."

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

IV.

And all night long they sailed away ;
 And when the sun went down,
 They whistled and warbled a moony song
 To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,
 In the shade of the mountains brown.
 "O Timballoo ! How happy we are
 When we live in a sieve and a crockery-jar !
 And all night long, in the moonlight pale,
 We sail away with a pea-green sail
 In the shade of the mountains brown."

Far and few, far and few,

Are the lands where the Jumblies live :

Their heads are green, and their hands are blue ;
 And they went to sea in a sieve.

V.

They sailed to the Western Sea, they did, —
 To a land all covered with trees :
 And they bought an owl, and a useful cart,
 And a pound of rice, and a cranberry-tart,
 And a hive of silvery bees ;
 And they bought a pig, and some green jackdaws,
 And a lovely monkey with lollipop paws,
 And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,
 And no end of Stilton cheese.

Far and few, far and few,

Are the lands where the Jumblies live :

Their heads are green, and their hands are blue ;
 And they went to sea in a sieve.

VI.

And in twenty years they all came back, —

 In twenty years or more ;

And every one said, " How tall they 've grown !

For they 've been to the Lakes, and the 'Terrible Zone,

 And the hills of the Chankly Bore."

And they drank their health, and gave them a *feast*

Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast ;

And every one said, " If we only live,

We, too, will go to sea in a sieve,

 To the hills of the Chankly Bore."

 Far and few, far and few,

 Are the lands where the Jumblies live :

 Their heads are green, and their hands are blue :

 And they went to sea in a sieve.



THE NUTCRACKERS AND THE SUGAR-TONGS.

I.

THE Nutcrackers sate by a plate on the table ;
The Sugar-tongs sate by a plate at his side ;
And the Nutcrackers said, "Don't you wish we were able
Along the blue hills and green meadows to ride?
Must we drag on this stupid existence forever,
So idle and weary, so full of remorse,
While every one else takes his pleasure, and never
Seems happy unless he is riding a horse?"

II.

"Don't you think we could ride without being instructed,
Without any saddle or bridle or spur?
Our legs are so long, and so aptly constructed,
I'm sure that an accident could not occur.
Let us all of a sudden hop down from the table,
And hustle downstairs, and each jump on a horse !
Shall we try? Shall we go? Do you think we are able?"
The Sugar-tongs answered distinctly, "Of course !"

III.

So down the long staircase they hopped in a minute ;
The Sugar-tongs snapped, and the Crackers said " Crack !"
The stable was open ; the horses were in it :
Each took out a pony, and jumped on his back.
The Cat in a fright scrambled out of the doorway ;
The Mice tumbled out of a bundle of hay ;
The brown and white Rats, and the black ones from Norway,
Screamed out, " They are taking the horses away !"

IV.

The whole of the household was filled with amazement :
The Cups and the Saucers danced madly about ;
The Plates and the Dishes looked out of the casement ;
The Salt-cellar stood on his head with a shout ;
The Spoons, with a clatter, looked out of the lattice ;
The Mustard-pot climbed up the gooseberry-pies ;
The Soup-ladle peeped through a heap of veal-patties,
And squeaked with a ladle-like scream of surprise.

V.

The Frying-pan said, " It 's an awful delusion !"
The Tea-kettle hissed, and grew black in the face ;
And they all rushed downstairs in the wildest confusion
To see the great Nutcracker-Sugar-tong race.
And out of the stable, with screamings and laughter
(Their ponies were cream-colored, speckled with brown),
The Nutcrackers first, and the Sugar-tongs after,
Rode all round the yard, and then all round the town.

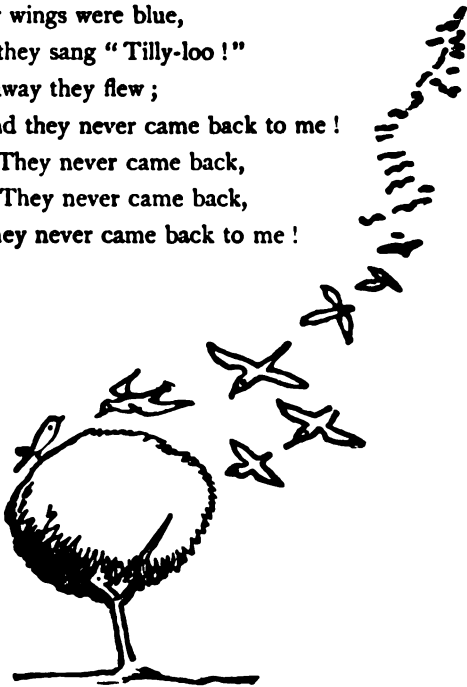
VI.

They rode through the street, and they rode by the station ;
They galloped away to the beautiful shore ;
In silence they rode, and "made no observation,"
Save this : "We will never go back any more !"
And still you might hear, till they rode out of hearing,
The Sugar-tongs snap, and the Crackers say "Crack !"
Till, far in the distance their forms disappearing,
They faded away ; and they never came back !

CALICO PIE.

I.

CALICO pie,
The little birds fly
Down to the calico-tree :
Their wings were blue,
And they sang "Tilly-loo !"
Till away they flew ;
And they never came back to me !
They never came back,
They never came back,
They never came back to me !



II.

Calico jam,
The little Fish swam
Over the Syllabub Sea.
He took off his hat
To the Sole and the Sprat,
And the Willeby-wat :



But he never came back to me ;
He never came back,
He never came back,
He never came back to me.

III.

Calico ban.
The little Mice ran
To be ready in time for tea ;
Flippity flup,
They drank it all up,
And danced in the cup :

But they never came back to me ;
They never came back,
They never came back,
They never came back to me.



IV.

Calico drum,
The Grasshoppers come,
The Butterfly, Beetle, and Bee,
Over the ground,
Around and round,
With a hop and a bound ;



But they never came back,
They never came back,
They never came back,
They never came back to me.



MR. AND MRS. SPIKKY SPARROW.

I.

ON a little piece of wood

Mr. Spikky Sparrow stood :

Mrs. Sparrow sate close by,
A-making of an insect-pie
For her little children five,
In the nest and all alive ;
Singing with a cheerful smile,
To amuse them all the while,

“ Twikky wikky wikky wee,
Wikky bikky twikky tee,
Spikky bikky bee ! ”

II.

Mrs. Spikky Sparrow said,
“ Spikky, darling ! in my head
Many thoughts of trouble come,
Like to flies upon a plum.
All last night, among the trees,
I heard you cough, I heard you sneeze ;

And thought I, 'It's come to that
Because he does not wear a hat !'
Chippy wippy sikky tee,
Bikky wikky tikky mee,
Spikky chippy wee !

III.

"Not that you are growing old ;
But the nights are growing cold.
No one stays out all night long
Without a hat : I'm sure it's wrong !"
Mr. Spikky said, "How kind,
Dear, you are, to speak your mind !
All your life I wish you luck !
You are, you are, a lovely duck !
Witchy witchy witchy wee,
Twitchy witchy witchy bee,
Tikky tikky tee !

IV.

"I was also sad, and thinking,
When one day I saw you winking,
And I heard you snuffle-snuffle,
And I saw your feathers ruffle :
To myself I sadly said,
'She's neuralgia in her head !
That dear head has nothing on it !
Ought she not to wear a bonnet ?'
Witchy kitchy kitchy wee,
Spikky wikky mikky bee,
Chippy wippy chee !

V.

" Let us both fly up to town :
 There I 'll buy you such a gown !
 Which, completely in the fashion,
 You shall tie a sky-blue sash on ;
 And a pair of slippers neat
 To fit your darling little feet,
 So that you will look and feel
 Quite galloobious and genteel.
 Jikky wikky bikky see,
 Chicky bikky wikky bee,
 Twicky witchy wee ! "

VI.

So they both to London went,
 Alighting on the Monument ;
 Whence they flew down swiftly — pop !
 Into Moses' wholesale shop :
 There they bought a hat and bonnet,
 And a gown with spots upon it,
 A satin sash of Cloxam blue,
 And a pair of slippers too.
 Zikky wikky mikky bee,
 Witchy witchy mitchy kee,
 Sikky tikky wee !

VII.

Then, when so completely dressed,
 Back they flew, and reached their nest.
 Their children cried, " O ma and pa !
 How truly beautiful you are ! "

Said they, " We trust that cold or pain
We shall never feel again ;
While, perched on tree or house or steeple,
We now shall look like other people.

Witchy witchy witchy wee,
Twikky mikky bikky bee,
Zikky sikky tee ! "





**THE BROOM, THE SHOVEL, THE POKER, AND
THE TONGS.**

I.

THE Broom and the Shovel, the Poker and Tongs,
They all took a drive in the Park ;
And they each sang a song, ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong !
Before they went back in the dark.
Mr. Poker he sate quite upright in the coach ;
Mr. Tongs made a clatter and clash ;
Miss Shovel was dressed all in black (with a brooch) ;
Mrs. Broom was in blue (with a sash).
Ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong !
And they all sang a song.

II.

“O Shovely so lovely !” the Poker he sang,
“You have perfectly conquered my heart.”

Ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong! If you're pleased with my song,
I will feed you with cold apple-tart.
When you scrape up the coals with a delicate sound,
You enrapture my life with delight,
Your nose is so shiny, your head is so round,
And your shape is so slender and bright!
Ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong!
Ain't you pleased with my song?"

III.

"Alas! Mrs. Broom," sighed the Tongs in his song,
"Oh! is it because I'm so thin,
And my legs are so long, — ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong! —
That you don't care about me a pin?
Ah! fairest of creatures, when sweeping the room,
Ah! why don't you heed my complaint?
Must you needs be so cruel, you beautiful Broom,
Because you are covered with paint?
Ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong!
You are certainly wrong."

IV.

Mrs. Broom and Miss Shovel together they sang,
"What nonsense you're singing to-day!"
Said the Shovel, "I'll certainly hit you a bang!"
Said the Broom, "And I'll sweep you away!"
So the coachman drove homeward as fast as he could,
Perceiving their anger with pain;

But they put on the kettle, and little by little
They all became happy again.

Ding-a-dong, ding-a-dong !
There 's an end of my song.





THE TABLE AND THE CHAIR.

I.

S AID the Table to the Chair,
"You can hardly be aware
How I suffer from the heat
And from chilblains on my feet.
If we took a little walk,
We might have a little talk ;
Pray let us take the air,"
Said the Table to the Chair.

II.

Said the Chair unto the Table,
"Now, you *know* we are not able :
How foolishly you talk,
When you know we *cannot* walk !"
Said the Table with a sigh,
"It can do no harm to try.
I 've as many legs as you :
Why can't we walk on two?"

THE TABLE AND THE CHAIR.

III.

So they both went slowly down,
And walked about the town
With a cheerful bumpy sound
As they toddled round and round ;
And everybody cried,
As they hastened to their side,
" See ! the Table and the Chair
Have come out to take the air ! "

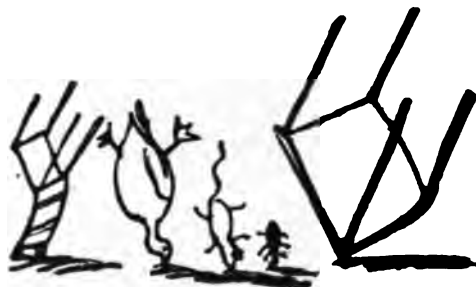
IV.

But in going down an alley,
To a castle in a valley,
They completely lost their way,
And wandered all the day ;
Till, to see them safely back,
They paid a Ducky-quack,
And a Beetle, and a Mouse,
Who took them to their house.



V.

Then they whispered to each other,
"O delightful little brother,
What a lovely walk we 've taken !
Let us dine on beans and bacon."
So the Ducky and the leetle
Brownny-Mousy and the Beetle
Dined, and danced upon their heads
Till they toddled to their beds.



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LAUGHABLE LYRICS.



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LAUGHABLE LYRICS.

THE DONG WITH A LUMINOUS NOSE.

WHEN awful darkness and silence reign
Over the great Gromboolian plain,
Through the long, long wintry nights ;
When the angry breakers roar
As they beat on the rocky shore ;
When Storm-clouds brood on the towering heights
Of the Hills of the Chankly Bore, —

Then, through the vast and gloomy dark
There moves what seems a fiery spark, —
A lonely spark with silvery rays

Piercing the coal-black night, —
 A Meteor strange and bright:
 Hither and thither the vision strays,
 A single lurid light.

Slowly it wanders, pauses, creeps, —
 Anon it sparkles, flashes, and leaps;
 And ever as onward it gleaming goes
 A light on the Bong-tree stems it throws.
 And those who watch at that midnight hour
 From Hall or Terrace or lofty Tower,
 Cry, as the wild light passes along, —

“The Dong! the Dong!

The wandering Dong through the forest goes!

The Dong! the Dong!

The Dong with a luminous Nose!”

Long years ago

The Dong was happy and gay,
 Till he fell in love with a Jumbly Girl
 Who came to those shores one day.
 For the Jumblies came in a sieve, they did, —
 Landing at eve near the Zemmery Fidd
 Where the Oblong Oysters grow,
 And the rocks are smooth and gray.
 And all the woods and the valleys rang
 With the Chorus they daily and nightly sang, —

“*Far and few, far and few,*

Are the lands where the Jumblies live;

Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,

And they went to sea in a sieve.”

Happily, happily passed those days !
While the cheerful Jumblies staid ;
They danced in circlets all night long,
To the plaintive pipe of the lively Dong,
In moonlight, shine, or shade.
For day and night he was always there
By the side of the Jumbly Girl so fair,
With her sky-blue hands and her sea-green hair ;
Till the morning came of that hateful day
When the Jumblies sailed in their sieve away,
And the Dong was left on the cruel shore
Gazing, gazing for evermore, —
Ever keeping his weary eyes on
That pea-green sail on the far horizon, —
Singing the Jumbly Chorus still
As he sate all day on the grassy hill, —
*“Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live ;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve.”*

But when the sun was low in the West,
The Dong arose and said, —
“What little sense I once possessed
Has quite gone out of my head !”
And since that day he wanders still
By lake and forest, marsh and hill,
Singing, “O somewhere, in valley or plain,
Might I find my Jumbly Girl again !
For ever I 'll seek by lake and shore
Till I find my Jumbly Girl once more !”

Playing a pipe with silvery squeaks,
 Since then his Jumbly Girl he seeks ;
 And because by night he could not see,
 He gathered the bark of the Twangum Tree
 On the flowery plain that grows.
 And he wove him a wondrous Nose, —
 A Nose as strange as a Nose could be !
 Of vast proportions and painted red,
 And tied with cords to the back of his head.
 In a hollow rounded space it ended
 With a luminous Lamp within suspended,
 All fenced about
 With a bandage stout

To prevent the wind from blowing it out ;
 And with holes all round to send the light
 In gleaming rays on the dismal night.

And now each night, and all night long,
 Over those plains still roams the Dong ;
 And above the wail of the Chimp and Snipe
 You may hear the squeak of his plaintive pipe,
 While ever he seeks, but seeks in vain,
 To meet with his Jumbly Girl again ;
 Lonely and wild, all night he goes, —
 The Dong with a luminous Nose !
 And all who watch at the midnight hour,
 From Hall or Terrace or lofty Tower,
 Cry, as they trace the Meteor bright,
 Moving along through the dreary night, —

LAUGHABLE LYRICS.

I

"This is the hour when forth he goes,
The Dong with a luminous Nose !
Yonder, over the plain he goes, —
 He goes !
 He goes, —
The Dong with a luminous Nose !"



THE TWO OLD BACHELORS.

TWO old Bachelors were living in one house ;
One caught a Muffin, the other caught a Mouse.
Said he who caught the Muffin to him who caught the Mouse, —
“ This happens just in time ! For we 've nothing in the house,
Save a tiny slice of lemon and a teaspoonful of honey,
And what to do for dinner — since we have n't any money ?
And what can we expect if we have n't any dinner,
But to lose our teeth and eyelashes and keep on growing thinner ? ”

Said he who caught the Mouse to him who caught the Muffin, —
“ We might cook this little Mouse, if we only had some Stuffin' !
If we had but Sage and Onion we could do extremely well ;
But how to get that Stuffin' it is difficult to tell ! ”

Those two old Bachelors ran quickly to the town
And asked for Sage and Onion as they wandered up and down ;

They borrowed two large Onions, but no Sage was to be found
In the Shops, or in the Market, or in all the Gardens round.

But some one said, "A hill there is, a little to the north,
And to its purpledicular top a narrow way leads forth ;
And there among the rugged rocks abides an ancient Sage, —
An earnest Man, who reads all day a most perplexing page.
Climb up, and seize him by the toes, — all studious as he sits, —
And pull him down, and chop him into endless little bits !
Then mix him with your Onion (cut up likewise into Scraps), —
When your Stuffin' will be ready, and very good — perhaps."

Those two old Bachelors without loss of time
The nearly purpledicular crags at once began to climb ;
And at the top, among the rocks, all seated in a nook,
They saw that Sage a-reading of a most enormous book.

"You earnest Sage !" aloud they cried, "your book you've read
enough in !
We wish to chop you into bits to mix you into Stuffin' !"

But that old Sage looked calmly up, and with his awful book,
At those two Bachelors' bald heads a certain aim he took ;
And over Crag and precipice they rolled promiscuous down, —
At once they rolled, and never stopped in lane or field or town ;
And when they reached their house, they found (besides their want
of Stuffin'),
The Mouse had fled — and, previously, had eaten up the Muffin.

They left their home in silence by the once convivial door ;
And from that hour those Bachelors were never heard of more.

THE PELICANS.

CANTO.

King and Queen of the Pelicans we, No other birds so grand we see!

PIANO.

None but we have feet like Eas with love-ly lea-the-ry throats and chins,

Cresc-pto sostenuto.

Plof- skin, Plof- skin, Pe- li- can Joe! we think no birds so hap- py as we!

Plomp- skin, Plof- skin, Pe- li- can Jill! We think so then, and we thought so still!



THE PELICAN CHORUS.

KING and Queen of the Pelicans we ;
No other Birds so grand we see !
None but we have feet like fins !
With lovely leathery throats and chins !
 Ploffskin, Pluffskin, Pelican jee !
 We think no Birds so happy as we !
 Plumpskin, Ploshkin, Pelican jill !
 We think so then, and we thought so still !

We live on the Nile. The Nile we love.
By night we sleep on the cliffs above ;
By day we fish, and at eve we stand
On long bare islands of yellow sand.
And when the sun sinks slowly down,
And the great rock walls grow dark and brown,

Where the purple river rolls fast and dim
 And the Ivory Ibis starlike skim,
 Wing to wing we dance around,
 Stamping our feet with a flumpy sound,
 Opening our mouths as Pelicans ought ;
 And this is the song we nightly snort, —
 Ploffskin, Pluffskin, Pelican jee !
 We think no Birds so happy as we !
 Plumpskin, Ploshkin, Pelican jill !
 We think so then, and we thought so still !

Last year came out our Daughter Dell,
 And all the Birds received her well.

To do her honor a feast we made
 For every bird that can swim or wade, —
 Herons and Gulls, and Cormorants black,
 Cranes, and Flamingoes with scarlet back,
 Plovers and Storks, and Geese in clouds,
 Swans and Dilberry Ducks in crowds :
 Thousands of Birds in wondrous flight !
 They ate and drank and danced all night,
 And echoing back from the rocks you heard
 Multitude-echoes from Bird and Bird, —
 Ploffskin, Pluffskin, Pelican jee !
 We think no Birds so happy as we !
 Plumpskin, Ploshkin, Pelican jill !
 We think so then, and we thought so still !

Yes, they came ; and among the rest
 The King of the Cranes all grandly dressed.

Such a lovely tail ! Its feathers float
 Between the ends of his blue dress-coat ;
 With pea-green trowsers all so neat,
 And a delicate frill to hide his feet
 (For though no one speaks of it, every one knows
 He has got no webs between his toes).

As soon as he saw our Daughter Dell,
 In violent love that Crane King fell, —
 On seeing her waddling form so fair,
 With a wreath of shrimps in her short white hair.
 And before the end of the next long day
 Our Dell had given her heart away ;
 For the King of the Cranes had won that heart
 With a Crocodile's egg and a large fish-tart.
 She vowed to marry the King of the Cranes,
 Leaving the Nile for stranger plains ;
 And away they flew in a gathering crowd
 Of endless birds in a lengthening cloud.

Ploffskin, Pluffskin, Pelican jee !
 We think no Birds so happy as we !
 Plumpskin, Ploshkin, Pelican jill !
 We think so then, and we thought so still !

And far away in the twilight sky
 We heard them singing a lessening cry, —
 Farther and farther, till out of sight,
 And we stood alone in the silent night !
 Often since, in the nights of June,
 We sit on the sand and watch the moon, —

LAUGHABLE LYRICS.

She has gone to the great Gromboolian Plain,
And we probably never shall meet again !
Oft, in the long still nights of June,
We sit on the rocks and watch the moon, —
She dwells by the streams of the Chankly Bore.
And we probably never shall see her more.
Ploffskin, Pluffskin, Pelican jee !
We think no Birds so happy as we !
Plumpskin, Ploshkin, Pelican jill !
We think so then, and we thought so still !

NOTE.—The Air of this and the following Song by Edward Lear ; the
Arrangement for the Piano by Professor Pomè, of San Remo, Italy.



THE YONGHY BONGHY BÒ.

CANTO.

PIANO.

On the seat of Co - m - man - del, Where the ear - ly pumpkins grow, In the

middle of the woods, Lived the Yonghy Bonghy Bò, Two old chairs and half a cradle, One old

jug with - out a han - dle, These were all his worldly goods, In the middle of the woods, These were

all the worldly goods, Of the Yonghy Bonghy Bò, Of the Yonghy Bonghy Bò.



THE COURTSHIP OF THE YONGHY-
BONGHY-BÒ.

I.

ON the Coast of Coromandel
Where the early pumpkins blow,
In the middle of the woods
Lived the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.
Two old chairs, and half a candle,
One old jug without a handle, —
These were all his worldly goods :
In the middle of the woods,
These were all the worldly goods
Of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò,
Of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

II.

Once, among the Bong-trees walking
 Where the early pumpkins blow,
 To a little heap of stones
 Came the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.
 There he heard a Lady talking,
 To some milk-white Hens of Dorking, —
 “’T is the Lady Jingly Jones !
 On that little heap of stones
 Sits the Lady Jingly Jones !”
 Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò,
 Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

III.

“Lady Jingly ! Lady Jingly !
 Sitting where the pumpkins blow,
 Will you come and be my wife ?”
 Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.
 “I am tired of living singly, —
 On this coast so wild and shingly, —
 I ’m a-weary of my life ;
 If you ’ll come and be my wife,
 Quite serene would be my life !”
 Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò,
 Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

IV.

“On this Coast of Coromandel
 Shrimps and watercresses grow,

Prawns are plentiful and cheap,"
 Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.
 "You shall have my chairs and candle,
 And my jug without a handle !
 Gaze upon the rolling deep
 (Fish is plentiful and cheap) ;
 As the sea, my love is deep !"
 Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò,
 Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

V.

Lady Jingly answered sadly,
 And her tears began to flow, —
 "Your proposal comes too late,
 Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò !
 I would be your wife most gladly !"
 (Here she twirled her fingers madly.)
 "But in England I've a mate !
 Yes ! you've asked me far too late,
 For in England I've a mate,
 Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò !
 Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò !

VI.

"Mr. Jones (his name is Handel, —
 Handel Jones, Esquire, & Co.)
 Dorking fowls delights to send,
 Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò !
 Keep, oh, keep your chairs and candle,
 And your jug without a handle, —
 I can merely be your friend !

LAUGHABLE LYRICS.

Should my Jones more Dorkings send,
 I will give you three, my friend !
 Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò !
 Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò !

VII.

“ Though you 've such a tiny body,
 And your head so large doth grow, —
 Though your hat may blow away,
 Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò !
 Though you 're such a Hoddy Doddy,
 Yet I wish that I could modi-
 fy the words I needs must say !
 Will you please to go away ?
 That is all I have to say,
 Mr. Yongby-Bonghy-Bò !
 Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò ! ”

VIII.

Down the slippery slopes of Myrtle,
 Where the early pumpkins blow,
 To the calm and silent sea
 Fled the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.
 There, beyond the Bay of Gurtle,
 Lay a large and lively Turtle.
 “ You 're the Cove,” he said, “ for me ;
 On your back beyond the sea,
 Turtle, you shall carry me ! ”
 Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò,
 Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.



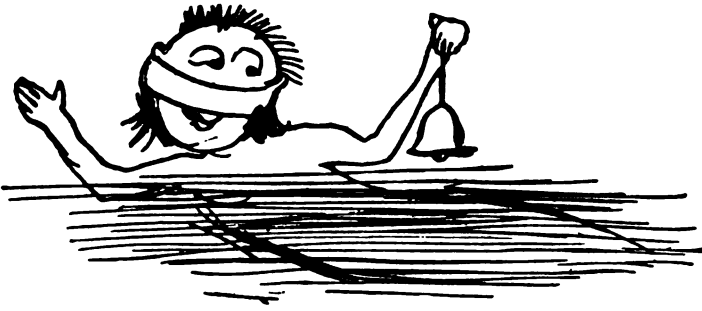
IX.

Through the silent-roaring ocean
 Did the Turtle swiftly go ;
 Holding fast upon his shell
 Rode the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.
 With a sad primæval motion
 Towards the sunset isles of Boshen
 Still the Turtle bore him well.
 Holding fast upon his shell,
 " Lady Jingly Jones, farewell ! "
 Sang the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò,
 Sang the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

X.

From the Coast of Coromandel
 Did that Lady never go ;

On that heap of stones she mourns
For the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.
On that Coast of Coromandel,
In his jug without a handle
Still she weeps, and daily moans ;
On that little heap of stones
To her Dorking Hens she moans,
For the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò,
For the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.



THE POBBLE WHO HAS NO TOES.

I.

THE Pobble who has no toes
Had once as many as we ;
When they said, " Some day you may lose them all ;"
He replied, " Fish fiddle de-dee !"
And his Aunt Jobiska made him drink
Lavender water tinged with pink ;
For she said, " The World in general knows
There 's nothing so good for a Pobble's toes !"

II.

The Pobble who has no toes,
Swam across the Bristol Channel ;
But before he set out he wrapped his nose
In a piece of scarlet flannel.

For his Aunt Jobiska said, "No harm
 Can come to his toes if his nose is warm ;
 And it 's perfectly known that a Pobble's toes
 Are safe — provided he minds his nose."

III.

The Pobble swam fast and well,
 And when boats or ships came near him,
 He tinkledy-binkledy-winkled a bell
 So that all the world could hear him.
 And all the Sailors and Admirals cried,
 When they saw him nearing the further side, —
 "He has gone to fish, for his Aunt Jobiska's
 Runcible Cat with crimson whiskers !"

IV.

But before he touched the shore, —
 The shore of the Bristol Channel,
 A sea-green Porpoise carried away
 His wrapper of scarlet flannel.
 And when he came to observe his feet,
 Formerly garnished with toes so neat,
 His face at once became forlorn
 On perceiving that all his toes were gone !

V.

And nobody ever knew,
 From that dark day to the present,
 Whoso had taken the Pobble's toes,
 In a manner so far from pleasant.

Whether the shrimps or crawfish gray,
Or crafty Mermaids stole them away,
Nobody knew ; and nobody knows
How the Pobble was robbed of his twice five toes !

VI.

The Pobble who has no toes
Was placed in a friendly Bark,
And they rowed him back, and carried him up
To his Aunt Jobiska's Park.
And she made him a feast, at his earnest wish,
Of eggs and buttercups fried with fish ;
And she said, " It 's a fact the whole world knows,
That Pobbles are happier without their toes."

HERE lived an old m.
Who invented a pure
And when it was perfectly r.
He opened the door and wa

By way of a hat he 'd a loaf c
In the middle of which he ins
His Shirt was made up of no c
The warmth of whose skins wa
His Drawers were of Rabbit-sk.
His Stockings were skins, but it
His Waistcoat and Trowsers we
His Buttons were Jujubes and C
His Coat was all Pancakes, with
And a girdle of Biscuits to keep
And he wore over all, as a scre
A Cloak of green Cabbage-leav

He had walked

Three Kids ate up half of his Pancake Coat,
And the tails were devour'd by an ancient He Goat ;
An army of Dogs in a twinkling tore *up* his
Pork Waistcoat and Trowsers to give to their Puppies ;
And while they were growling, and mumbling the Chops,
Ten Boys prigged the Jujubes and Chocolate Drops.
He tried to run back to his house, but in vain,
For scores of fat Pigs came again and again :
They rushed out of stables and hovels and doors ;
They tore off his stockings, his shoes, and his drawers ;
And now from the housetops with screechings descend
Striped, spotted, white, black, and gray Cats without end :
They jumped on his shoulders and knocked off his hat,
When Crows, Ducks, and Hens made a mincemeat of that ;
They speedily flew at his sleeves in a trice,
And utterly tore up his Shirt of dead Mice ;
They swallowed the last of his Shirt with a squall, —
Whereon he ran home with no clothes on at all.

And he said to himself, as he bolted the door,
“ I will not wear a similar dress any more,
Any more, any more, any more, never more ! ”

MR. AND MRS. DISCOBBOLOS.

I.

MR. AND MRS. DISCOBBOLOS
Climbed to the top of a wall.
And they sate to watch the sunset sky,
And to hear the Nupiter Piffkin cry,
And the Biscuit Buffalo call.

They took up a roll and some Camomile tea,
And both were as happy as happy could be,
Till Mrs. Discobbolos said, —
“Oh! W! X! Y! Z!
It has just come into my head,
Suppose we should happen to fall!!!!
Darling Mr. Discobbolos!

II.

“Suppose we should fall down flumpetty,
Just like pieces of stone,
On to the thorns, or into the moat,
What would become of your new green coat?
And might you not break a bone?
It never occurred to me before,
That perhaps we shall never go down any more!”
And Mrs. Discobbolos said,
“Oh! W! X! Y! Z!

What put it into your head
 To climb up this wall, my own
 Darling Mr. Discobbolos?"

III.

Mr. Discobbolos answered,
 "At first it gave me pain,
 And I felt my ears turn perfectly pink
 When your exclamation made me think
 We might never get down again!
 But now I believe it is wiser far
 To remain for ever just where we are."
 And Mr. Discobbolos said,
 "Oh! W! X! Y! Z!
 It has just come into my head
 We shall never go down again,
 Dearest Mrs. Discobbolos!"

IV.

So Mr. and Mrs. Discobbolos
 Stood up and began to sing,—
 "Far away from hurry and strife
 Here we will pass the rest of life,
 Ding a dong, ding dong, ding!
 We want no knives nor forks nor chairs,
 No tables nor carpets nor household cares;
 From worry of life we've fled;
 Oh! W! X! Y! Z!
 There is no more trouble ahead,
 Sorrow or any such thing,
 For Mr. and Mrs. Discobbolos!"



THE QUANG

ON the top of the
The Quangle
But his face you could
On account of his
For his Hat was a
With ribbons and
And bells, and buttons
So that nobody could

"Jam, and jelly, and bread
 Are the best of food for me !
 But the longer I live on this Crumpetty Tree
 The plainer than ever it seems to me
 That very few people come this way
 And that life on the whole is far from gay !"
 Said the Quangle Wangle Quee.

III.

But there came to the Crumpetty Tree
 Mr. and Mrs. Canary ;
 And they said, "Did ever you see
 Any spot so charmingly airy ?
 May we build a nest on your lovely Hat ?
 Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that !
 O please let us come and build a nest
 Of whatever material suits you best,
 Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee !"

IV.

And besides, to the Crumpetty Tree
 Came the Stork, the Duck, and the Owl ;
 The Snail and the Bumble-Bee,
 The Frog and the Fimble Fowl
 (The Fimble Fowl, with a Corkscrew leg) ;
 And all of them said, "We humbly beg
 We may build our homes on your lovely Hat, —
 Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that !
 Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee !"

V.

And the Golden Grouse came there,
And the Pobble who has no toes,
And the small Olympian bear,
And the Dong with a luminous nose.
And the Blue Baboon who played the flute,
And the Orient Calf from the Land of Tute,
And the Attery Squash, and the Bisky Bat, —
All came and built on the lovely Hat
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

VI.

And the Quangle Wangle said
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree,
“When all these creatures move
What a wonderful noise there ’ll be !”
And at night by the light of the Mulberry moon
They danced to the Flute of the Blue Baboon,
On the broad green leaves of the Crumpetty Tree,
And all were as happy as happy could be,
With the Quangle Wangle Quee.

THE CUMMERBUND.

AN INDIAN POEM.

I.

SHE sate upon her Dobie,
To watch the Evening Star,
And all the Punkahs, as they passed,
Cried, " My ! how fair you are !"
Around her bower, with quivering leaves,
The tall Kamsamahs grew,
And Kitmutgars in wild festoons
Hung down from Tchokis blue.

II.

Below her home the river rolled
With soft meloobious sound,
Where golden-finned Chuprassies swam,
In myriads circling round.
Above, on tallest trees remote
Green Ayahs perched alone,
And all night long the Mussak moan'd
Its melancholy tone.

III.

And where the purple Nullahs threw
Their branches far and wide,

And silvery Goreewallahs flew
 In silence, side by side,
 The little Bheesties' twittering cry
 Rose on the flagrant air,
 And oft the angry Jampan howled
 Deep in his hateful lair.

IV.

She sate upon her Dobie,
 She heard the Nimmak hum,
 When all at once a cry arose,
 "The Cumberbund is come!"
 In vain she fled: with open jaws
 The angry monster followed,
 And so (before assistance came)
 That Lady Fair was swallowed.

V.

They sought in vain for even a bone
 Respectfully to bury;
 They said, "Hers was a dreadful fate!"
 (And Echo answered, "Very.")
 They nailed her Dobie to the wall,
 Where last her form was seen,
 And underneath they wrote these words,
 In yellow, blue, and green:
 "Beware, ye Fair! Ye Fair, beware!
 Nor sit out late at night,
 Lest horrid Cumberbunds should come,
 And swallow you outright."

NOTE. — First published in *Times of India*, Bombay, July, 1874.

THE AKOND OF SWAT.

WHO, or why, or which, or *what*, Is the Akond of SWAT?
Is he tall or short, or dark or fair?
Does he sit on a stool or a sofa or chair, or SQUAT?
The Akond of Swat?
Is he wise or foolish, young or old?
Does he drink his soup and his coffee cold, or HOT,
The Akond of Swat?
Does he sing or whistle, jabber or talk,
And when riding abroad does he gallop or walk, or TROT,
The Akond of Swat?
Does he wear a turban, a fez, or a hat?
Does he sleep on a mattress, a bed, or a mat, or a COT,
The Akond of Swat?
When he writes a copy in round-hand size,
Does he cross his T's and finish his I's with a DOT,
The Akond of Swat?
Can he write a letter concisely clear
Without a speck or a smudge or smear or BLOT,
The Akond of Swat?
Do his people like him extremely well?
Or do they, whenever they can, rebel, or PLOT,
At the Akond of Swat?

If he catches them then, either old or young,
 Does he have them chopped in pieces or hung, *or shot,*
 The Akond of Swat?

Do his people prig in the lanes or park?
 Or even at times, when days are dark, *GAROTTE?*
 O the Akond of Swat!

Does he study the wants of his own dominion?
 Or does n't he care for public opinion *a JOT,*
 The Akond of Swat?

To amuse his mind do his people show him
 Pictures, or any one's last new poem, *OR WHAT,*
 For the Akond of Swat?

At night if he suddenly screams and wakes,
 Do they bring him only a few small cakes, *or a LOT,*
 For the Akond of Swat?

Does he live on turnips, tea, or tripe?
 Does he like his shawl to be marked with a stripe, *or a DOT,*
 The Akond of Swat?

Does he like to lie on his back in a boat
 Like the lady who lived in that isle remote, *SHALLOTT,*
 The Akond of Swat?

Is he quiet, or always making a fuss?
 Is his steward a Swiss or a Swede or a Russ, *or a SCOT,*
 The Akond of Swat?

Does he like to sit by the calm blue wave?
 Or to sleep and snore in a dark green cave, *or a GROTT,*
 The Akond of Swat?

Does he drink small beer from a silver jug?
 Or a bowl? or a glass? or a cup? or a mug? *or a POT,*
 The Akond of Swat?

Does he beat his wife with a gold-topped pipe,
 When she lets the gooseberries grow too ripe, or ROT,
 The Akond of Swat?

Does he wear a white tie when he dines with friends,
 And tie it neat in a bow with ends, or a KNOT,
 The Akond of Swat?

Does he like new cream, and hate mince-pies?
 When he looks at the sun does he wink his eyes, or NOT,
 The Akond of Swat?

Does he teach his subjects to roast and bake?
 Does he sail about on an inland lake, in a YACHT,
 The Akond of Swat?

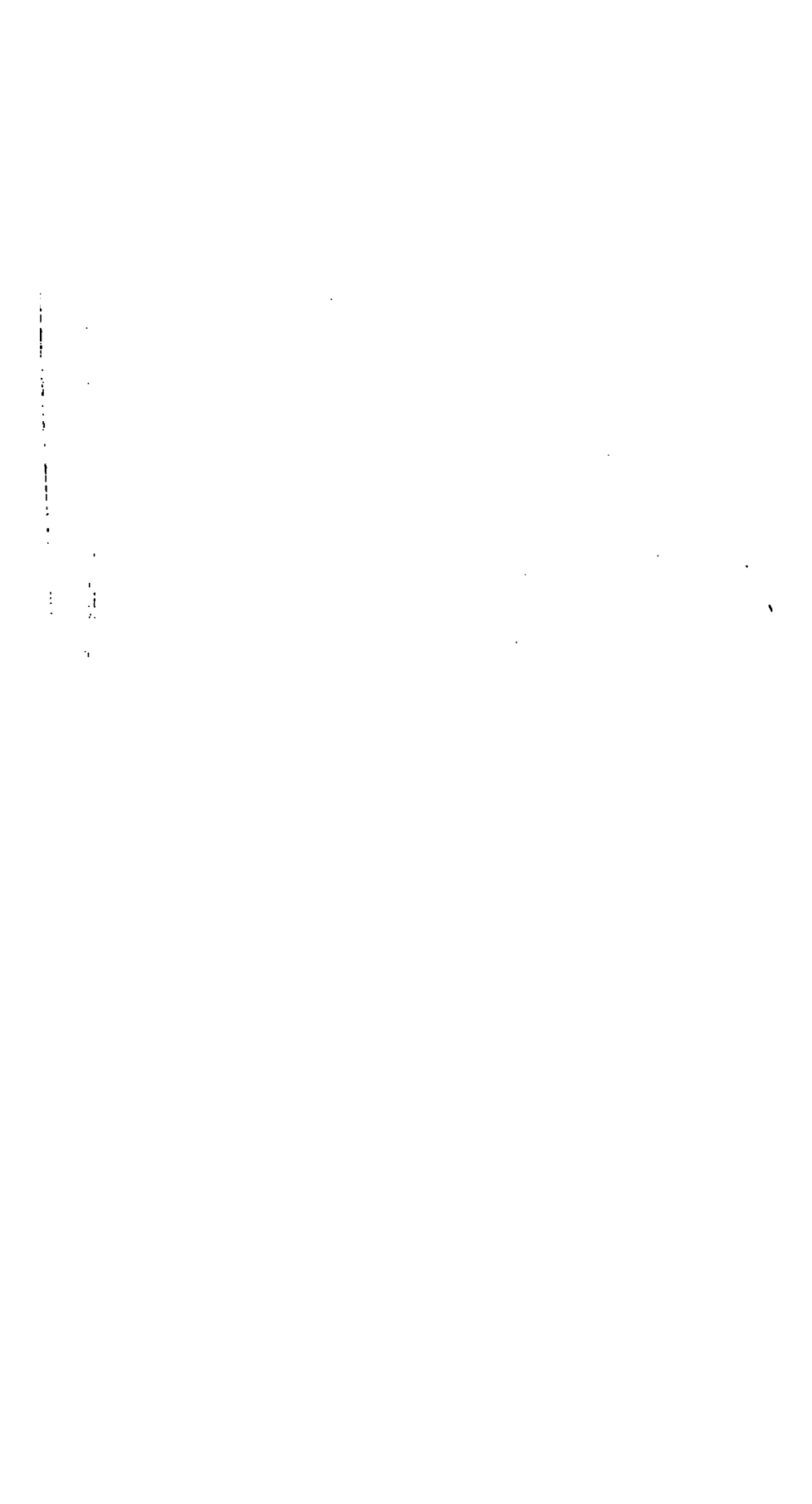
Some one, or nobody, knows I wot
 Who or which or why or what
 Is the Akond of Swat!

NOTE. — For the existence of this potentate see Indian newspapers, *passim*.
 The proper way to read the verses is to make an immense emphasis on the
 monosyllabic rhymes, which indeed ought to be shouted out by a chorus.

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